SF Writer Brian Aldiss Interviewed!

HEAVY METAL

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

October 1985
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dossier

by Steven Malloff

COURTESY ST. MARTIN'S

● If you accept orthodox rock-crit notions (i.e., *Rolling Drone* magazine), you probably believe that the San Francisco sound was the end-all and be-all of 1960s American rock 'n' roll. In truth, there were vital scenes in Texas, L.A., the Northwest, and Detroit (not to mention Garageland, U.S.A.), but I'll agree that there was something happening in Frisco for one brief shining moment that should not be forgot.

San Francisco Nights: The Psychedelic Music Trip 1965–1968, by **Gene Sculatti** and **Davin Seay** (St. Martin's), chronicles the series of incidents, accidents, people, and social changes that converged to form what came to be known as the San Francisco sound. It's the tale of a new breed of musical bohemians, in search of "something," who had more in common with the Beatles and electrified Dylan than with the stuffy world of folk purists.

This book covers the rise and fall of the S.F. sound and scene, from the innocent, naive days of the first concert presentation in 1965 at the Dr. Strange Show onward and downward to the later, bloated daze of the Fillmore. And, like other rise-and-fall stories, it's fascinating.

Unlike other write-ups on this era, *San Francisco Nights* pretty much ignores the boring "antics" of the Merry Pranksters, Stewart Brand, or Wavy Whatever. And it's not a lightweight "wear some flowers in your hair" clichéd quickie, either. Instead, it concentrates, in detail, on the Frisco bands (branching out to touch bases at other psychedelic scenes across the U.S. and England), the poster artists (including Zap Comics artists Rick Griffin and Victor Moscoso, Mouse, Kelley, and Wes Wilson), and general music-biz types. The book is informative. There's not a wasted paragraph. And it's a lot of fun.

Also of note is an on-target Acid Rock Consumer Guide in the back of the book to help the novice figure out which records to buy, while the already converted can compare notes and fill in some gaps in their collections. To top everything off, there's a beautiful full-color cover by Rick Griffin done in the style of—what else?—the original S.F. psychedelic rock posters.

—J. D. King

Top Ten SF/Fantasy Paperbacks

1. ***Dragonlance Chronicles #1: Dragons of Autumn Twilight*, Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman (TSR)**
2. ***Dragonlance Chronicles #2: Dragons of Winter Night*, Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman (TSR)**
3. ***Cocoon*, David Saperstein (Berkley)**
4. ***West of Eden*, Harry Harrison (Bantam)**
5. ***Vengeance of the Dancing Gods*, Jack L. Chalker (Del Rey/Ballantine)**
6. ***V: Death Tide*, A. C. Crispin and Deborah A. Marshall (Pinnacle)**
7. ***The Black Ship*, Christopher Rowley (Del Rey/Ballantine)**
8. ***Lifeforce*, Colin Wilson (Warner Books)**
9. ***Return to Oz*, Joan D. Vinge (Del Rey/Ballantine)**
10. ***Pretender*, Piers Anthony and Frances Hall (Tor)**

● "The screen is like a map for our dreams on which we may always travel, without ticket, tiredness or pain."

That's one of the great lines in **David Thomson's** "novel," ***Suspects*** (Knopf). Thomson, an accomplished film critic, attempts to unite all the film noirs of past and present into a single universe where, for instance, Gene Hackman's character from *Night Moves*, Harry Moseby, is actually the son of another character from a well-known film of 1946. (To tell who would give away the plot, but clues are dropped throughout the narrative.) Weaving together the story lines of such films as *Chinatown*, *Casablanca*, *Laura*, *It's a Wonderful Life*, *The Shining*, and *Double Indemnity* to produce both a murder mystery and a meditation on the grim delights of viewing film noir, *Suspects* delivers some of the pleasures of Trivial Pursuit. Fans of film noir will have a field day, but anyone unacquainted with that noble genre may as well pass; the story demands the reader's familiarity with characters like Noah Cross, Walter Neff, Jimmy Doyle, Laura Hunt, Roy Earle, and Cody Jarrett before it begins to pay off. If you can follow the plot of *Out of the Past*, you're ready for *Suspects*.

—Mike Bereen

● Whether you worshiped or despised them, Led Zeppelin ignited and defined the megabuck era of seventies stadium rock, not to mention the hearts and groins of our nation's adolescents, the *Billboard* charts, and album-oriented radio. ***Hammer of the Gods*** (William Morrow), **Stephen Davis's** lyrical and lucid biography of Led Zeppelin, is a nonstop great read about the English supergroup that sowed the seeds of heavy metal. Against the anthems "Dazed and Confused," "Whole Lotta Love," and their epic masterpiece "Stairway to Heaven," Zeppelin's offstage performances hit incomparable heights of sexual excess, drug use, and hotel trashing. It's all here: guitar wizard Jimmy Page's preoccupation with fourteen-year-old girls and satanism; macho-mystical banshee singer Robert Plant's family tragedies; and archetypal rock drummer John "Bonzo" Bonham's alcoholism and untimely death in 1980, which caused the group to disband. Somewhat in the shadows is bassist John Paul Jones, although this in no way detracts from the book's sudden impact. Read it and relive it!

—Kyle Roderick

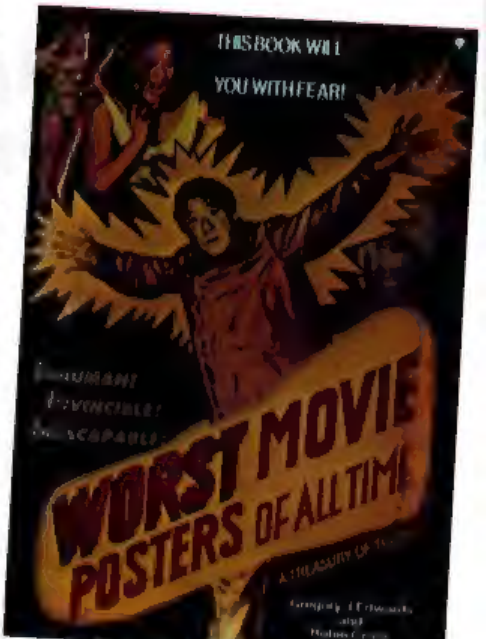
● Any book subtitled "A Treasury of Trash" has its heart in the right place. **Gregory J. Edwards** and **Robin Cross's** ***Worst Movie Posters of All Time*** (Sphere) must be applauded and relished, even as the reader asks himself, "Couldn't this have been a whole lot better?" Printed in England—with gobs of four-color reproductions—*Worst Movie Posters* suffers from its (understandable) reliance on British-edition movie posters, often poorly colored and redrawn from the American originals. Some of the choices are less than inspired, even allowing for license in judging what truly is "worst." (Does that mean the worst art? the sleaziest subject matter? the tackiest blurb? the most ridiculous design? or all of the above?) Rather than dwell on the misfires, though, consider this partial listing of the titles reproduced: *Queen of Outer Space* (yes, Zsa Zsa Gabor on Venus in a cocktail gown); *The Amazing Colossal Man; Tarantula; The Deadly Mantis; Fire Maidens from Outer Space* (a splendid British cheapie, and the film lives up to the poster); *Ghost in the Invisible Bikini*; and *The Vampire and the Ballerina* (which gave me nightmares for a month after I saw it in 1962—so why am I the only person in the world who remembers it?). And, for those who enjoy sleaze *not* set in outer space, *Waterfront Women, Girl on the Run*, and *Wicked Woman* are on hand. Funny captions by the authors make this ten bucks well spent.

—Mike Barson

● There's a lot to like about **Norman Spinrad's** ***Child of Fortune*** (Bantam). Wendi is a girl who just wants to have fun but has to grow up. She wonders over the planets, seeking her name and fortune. Wendi's seminal encounter is with the fabulous Pater Pan, who fertilizes her desire to become a ruespieller—another name for writer. The material of her art is the long history of Pater Pan, the eternal child who is also father to artistic ability. Wendi discovers that unlimited consumption of sex and drugs interferes with the work that makes a storyteller's art.

Spinrad relates all of Wendi's sex and drug experiences for almost five hundred pages. He uses the same future lingo devised for his previous novel, *The Void Captain's Tale*, which patches into English a limited lexicon from European and Asian languages. After a few hundred pages the episodes get tedious. Too often the mock-heroic style doesn't reach the comic flights demanded of this social satire. Instead, it's unbearably cute. That the author of notoriously cynical works like *Bug Jack Barron* would explore other attitudes is understandable, but there's no reason to sink this low.

—Constance Ash



● **Robert Crumb**, purveyor of fine u.g. comics, has kept personal sketchbooks through the years. In the past, these were talked about but never seen by the general public (except for rare appearances in mags like *US #1*, *Artistic Comics*, and *Punk #12*). In recent years, two volumes of sketches were collected—a 1966–67 book, and a November 1974 to January 1978 collection. Now a third volume has surfaced.

Like the previous two, ***The R. Crumb Sketchbook, July 1974 to January 1978*** (Zweitausendeins) is an exact reproduction of his personal sketchbook. It's hardcover, with 375 pages of drawings—hence the price tag of thirty bills. But compared to the price of most things nowadays, I'd call it something of a bargain.

More than that of any other cartoonist, Crumb's life has been an open book. A lot of his work is either directly or indirectly autobiographical. All imaginable aspects of his personal life and thoughts are run up the comic-book flagpole for the world to see—uncensored, unexpurgated, and undoctored. Unlike most of the others who've followed in these "self-referential" footsteps, Crumb remains humorous, insightful, and entertaining, if for no other reason than his honesty. This "open book" aspect takes on another dimension with the sketchbooks. This new one is made up of doodles; sketches; landscapes; still lifes; portraits of his wife (and fellow u.g. cartoonist), Aline, and various friends; verbal and visual quotes; and comments on contemporary society, styles, mores, hairdos, and general schlock. Astute Crumb fans will see the seeds of comics that would eventually bear fruit in such titles as *Best Buy, Weirdo*, and *Zap*.

If you're already one of the true believers, you'll want a copy. If you're new to Crumb, there's no time like the present to get wise. You may even want to check out the two previous sketchbooks—they're now scarce as hen's teeth, so act fast!

—J. D. King

● Children of the future, space-age groupies, and New Age hipsters, unite! **Star Magic**, with stores in San Francisco and New York, will satisfy most material and unearthly consumer needs. Don't know what to cook tonight? Take home an "astronaut space dinner": freeze-dried chicken and rice, peas, and instant chocolate pudding—an exact replica of NASA's. At $7.95, it comes in a nifty silver pouch decorated with interplanetary graphics. Star Magic carries an extensive selection of synthesized and environmental music, earthly and terrestrial globes, maps, and atlases, natural crystals, and high-tech jewelry. Holograms of all kinds are here; even holographic sunglasses. Get ready to track Halley's Comet in March 1986 with a specially designed telescope, or brush up on your comet lore with books from Star Magic's library of space and NASA subjects. Write for Star Magic's free catalog at either of their shops: Star Magic, 743 Broadway, New York, NY 10003, or Star Magic, 4026 24th Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

—Kyle Roderick

● Reading ***Carnival of Crime: The Best Mystery Stories of Fredric Brown*** (Southern Illinois University Press), a skillful selection of twenty-three nasty and original tales, one wonders what riches this fine writer might have earned had he written his twenty-eight novels and hundreds of short stories for today's market instead of yesteryear's pulp magazines. As well-known for his science fiction as for his mystery stories, Brown labored through three decades perfecting his craft. How good are the stories in *Carnival of Crime*? They range from merely very good ("The Joke," "Town Wanted") to classic ("Don't Look Behind You," "Granny's Birthday"). Brown could write anything, from a short-short story to an unpadded novelette, and the 290 pages in this collection (not counting the useful bibliography compiled by editors Francis M. Nevins, Jr. and Martin H. Greenberg) leave no doubt whatsoever that Brown was the O. Henry of his field. He didn't die a pauper, but at two cents a word, his writing never made him rich. It was a living.

On the other hand, we have the case of **Stephen King**. Easily as prolific as Brown, King has reaped rewards unprecedented for a genre writer. His novels routinely rush to number one on the bestseller lists, and just as quickly are turned into routine films. Now and then he puts out a short story collection; the latest is the elephantine ***Skeleton Crew*** (Putnam), a 500-page compilation of twenty stories and two poems that span the late sixties to the present. King gives his fans their money's worth in terms of bulk, but *Skeleton Crew* raises more questions than it answers about King's place in the pantheon of horror and suspense writers. The clumsiness, bad taste, clunky prose, and derivative plotting that have marred much of King's earlier work are very much present here, and it's hard to tell when King is worse: when he's striving for poetic effect ("The Reach") or indulging in EC-comic-book shocks ("Survivor Type," "Beachworld"). Of his "gift," King explains in his Notes that stories come to him when his muse shits upon his head. Hey, Steverino: Better check to make sure it ain't a pigeon.

—Mike Barson

● ***Love to Ten*** (distributed by Last Gasp)* collects all of **Robert Crumb**'s work which originally appeared in *Zap Comics #0–10*. This is the material that stood a lot of people's notions of comics on end and had the FBI pounding on the doors of the Print Mint. This is the material that sent scores of people to the drawing boards to try their hand at expressing themselves through cartooning and established a whole new genre of comic books. And this is the material that earned Crumb the title of America's preeminent underground (read hippie) cartoonist.

Crumb can no longer be considered a hippie cartoonist, but *Love to Ten* reminds us of when he was one with stories such as "Meatball," that strange enigmatic purveyor of enlightenment, "Whiteman," the personification of the uptight establishment, and "Joe Blow," a satirical incest story. This last story was the one that broke one too many taboos and had the FBI and local authorities confiscating copies until the courts ruled otherwise.

Love to Ten is more than worth the price just to read Crumb's *Zap* stories, which were so important to the development of comics in the late sixties. One would hope that a bound anthology would take pains to achieve the best possible reproduction of the art, but *Love to Ten* doesn't, and even finds it necessary to apologize for the quality of the reproduction! Still, *Love to Ten* is printed on white paper, and the reproduction in the original newsprint comic books was no great shakes to begin with, so apart from missing the color covers, I'm happy to see all this work in a single volume.

—Jay Kennedy

*Last Gasp, 2180 Bryant Street, San Francisco, CA 94110.

A feudal effort.

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Verhoeven's Fifth

He is virtually the only Dutch filmmaker whose work gets shown internationally. **Paul Verhoeven**, a youthful-looking forty-seven-year-old, has been a disturbing presence in his native Holland since his directorial debut in 1973. With its relentless exploration of sexual options, *Turkish Delight* was bound to become a hit, garnering an Oscar nomination along the way. But the director kept on surprising viewers with films such as *Soldier of Orange* (1978), about the humorous yet courageous feats of university students during the Nazi occupation of Holland; *Spetters* (1981), about working-class kids and their frustrations; and *The 4th Man* (1983), a haunting fantasy about a homosexual writer, a witch, and the fickle finger of fate.

While all his films scored at the box office in most markets, Dutch critics weren't especially enamored of the man who dared expose all that was provincial and parochial about their country. But audiences responded and Hollywood became aware of the man who gave the world a star of the magnitude of Rutger Hauer. Hauer, the star of such films as *Blade Runner*, *Nighthawks*, and *Ladyhawke*, was discovered by Verhoeven in 1969, when he cast him in an *Ivanhoe*-like series for Dutch TV, and he has appeared in most of the director's pictures.

The two resumed their collaboration on **Flesh and Blood**, an American-financed medieval adventure shot in Spain, which tells the story of a band of mercenaries who help the deposed mayor of a city regain power. Acts of treachery, violence, and lust abound as Verhoeven paints a striking canvas of a troubled Europe in the 1600s.

—Dan Yakir

Heavy Metal: What is your notion of the Middle Ages?

Paul Verhoeven: It was a period of extremes, something which is very hard to come by in Holland today, since it's such a socialized country. In order to say something poignant about contemporary life, I felt compelled to go back in time. *Soldier of Orange* took place in World War II, where issues of life and death were a matter of course. This is even more true of the Middle Ages.

HM: Do you see the film as presenting a metaphor?

PV: Yes, for nowadays. I try to use the elements from the Middle Ages that are still relevant. For example, biological warfare, which was normal then: they poisoned wells, brought pestilence by means of dead animals. . . .

I wasn't interested in making a fairy tale or a romanticized look at the period. *Flesh and Blood* has nothing to do with films like *Excalibur* or characters like Merlin. It's gory and brutal. Very down to earth. There is a very explicit rape scene, which an aristocratic young girl kidnapped by the mercenaries is subjected to. Cruel doings.

HM: What about the look of the film?

PV: There are no bright colors in it. Brightness of color gives a twentieth-century feeling. We worked in gray, brown, dark reds, and greens. The bad weather actually helped us get the right look. You see, gray skies look like history. A bright blue sky is Walt Disney.

HM: Why were you so determined to make a realistic film? Aren't you tempted by imaginary pursuits?

PV: Never. I always keep reality under control. Maybe it has to

do with the fact that I hold a Ph.D. in mathematics and physics . . . I don't know. At twenty-four, I was very close to losing my grip on reality—I almost joined a religious cult: Pentecostal Christianity, which advocates Christ's presence all around, and the ability to create miracles, to heal. . . . Anyway, I almost joined the cult, which is why I depicted such a character in *Spetters*: there's a girl who joins this cult but, after seeing that God doesn't help a paraplegic she cares for, she decides to become a nurse instead.

You see, I studied math and physics, but at the same time I took courses in parapsychology, telepathy. I guess it had to do with mystical feelings that I had, but I studied these subjects scientifically. Maybe it was my way of rebelling against the abstract, logical nature of math.

HM: In *The 4th Man* you do get into the occult and fantasy.

PV: Yes, in that film I show the coexistence of reality and fantasy. There are two ideas—or levels—in the film: one suggests that everything has a logical explanation and the only perversion is in the mind of this alcoholic, homosexual writer. The other is that he is indeed right and the woman he encounters is a witch who gives all involved the evil eye. . . .

These two visions are, in fact, what religion is all about. Christianity—the belief in Christ and the Resurrection—is also a fantasy. It hasn't been proven. It's either true or not. The discovery that Christ's grave was empty was either real—maybe his friends, or the Romans took away the body—or it really was a resurrection.

HM: You've said that imagination is not your bag. Yet, as a writer and director, you have to deal with it all the time. How do you create? How do you lose yourself?

PV: I don't. In the last ten years, I've been having a real problem reading a novel. I feel I'm wasting my time. I prefer reading autobiographies or watching documentaries, because they're about reality.

Most of my work has been based on true events or autobiographical novels or newspaper items. I'd have a real problem doing an E.T. I wouldn't be able to believe in something like that. I wouldn't care enough to invest two years of my life in it, because there's no reality to it. I try to stay as close to reality as possible. *The 4th Man* is as far from it as I could possibly go. I wanted to show the difference between reality and fantasy, to show that you can color one into becoming the other.

HM: How are your films received in Holland?

PV: Until *The 4th Man*, critics there hated my films. Audiences loved them, but critics were offended, especially by *Spetters*, by what it said about Dutch reality. They claimed life wasn't like that. They thought it was too violent, that its sexuality was too explicit and too detached from love. But it is, often! That's the way fucking is. There are gang rapes in Rotterdam and homosexuals are often robbed and attacked. I dared to show all that in *Spetters*.

HM: Did the criticism bother you?

PV: It made life very difficult, because it was constant and directed at me personally. I had trouble financing my next film, and the government also felt it was "anti-Dutch," although they wouldn't say that. And they hated the fact that mine were the only Dutch films to be shown around the world. I like Holland—it's a wonderful country, with a good democracy and good social institutions—but there are problems and they don't want to hear about them. They also resent success. You're supposed to be "normal." Average is best.

HM: Why are your films so sexually explicit? You certainly don't believe in holding back.

PV: That's right. Lots of people have sexual problems or preconceptions about sex. A lot of people come to me after *Turkish Delight* and thanked me for showing sex as fun, and for showing some acts as acceptable. I don't always think sex has to do with love, but it's okay as long as you can look into each other's eyes. Trust, understanding, mutual acceptance are sufficient reasons to sleep together. Most people close their eyes in sex and aren't there anymore when they come. Maybe I believe in being there.

HM: There is a recurring homosexual motif in your films.

PV: Yes. People today still feel that homosexuality isn't normal, which is complete nonsense. I based the hero of *The 4th Man* on an uncle of mine who's gay and has had a "friend" for forty years. It's the best marriage I've ever seen. Most married people hate each other. Gerard Soeteman [the screenwriter] and I wanted to prove that homosexuality can invite loyalty and trust.

HM: In *The 4th Man*, the homosexual fantasy never gets fulfilled. Why?

PV: The notion was that the minute the writer feels he can have the handsome guy he's been after, Death steps out and says, "You won't!" If you get what you want, it's boring. It's getting there, being on the verge of something, that's exciting. Frustration is a good dramatic device. In real life, you never get what you want. And when you do, it's a bore. The pleasure is in the process, not the result.

HM: There's a scene in church, in which the hero imagines his object of desire on the cross, with an erection.

PV: The author on whose novel the script was based describes in several books scenes of masturbation in front of the altar, characters going to church to fondle Christ—the idea of fucking God. He was taken to court for blasphemy fifteen years ago. He said, "God is in a donkey, and I want to fuck him!" That gave him immediate notoriety in Holland. He has a good eye for publicity. His name is Gerard Reve. He held a marriage ceremony with his gay lover in church, in front of the TV cameras. But he does it all with a wink, humorously.

HM: Do you see Rutger Hauer as your alter ego?

PV: Oh, yes. There's something about him that I like extremely. It's not the way I'd like to see myself exactly, but, as I once said, if I were gay, I'd fall in love with Rutger. With his face and manner, even when he does cruel things in my films, I still feel it's acceptable.

HM: Would you like to make American films from now on?

PV: Yes, and maybe *Flesh and Blood* is the beginning. But to make "real" American films about "real" American culture is very difficult. As a European, you can't pick all that up after a short stay. I'd start with historical films and after a few years, with better knowledge of the language and culture, I could do that. You need to know how to make a phone call, how people react to things, in order to make a film about that. There's a real cultural gap.

HM: Are you a pessimist?

PV: Yes, but although all my films end on a melancholic note—death, suicide—there's also a feeling of hope. I believe small improvements are possible in life, but they're indeed small. ■

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Rutger Hauer

She Came and She Went

by Larry Sloman

I owe this column to **Vale**. Vale is an Oriental of indeterminate age (he looks about twenty-five but rumor has it he's hit the big four-oh) who worked for years at the City Lights Bookstore in San Francisco. He stocked books and then he went home to his nearby loft—on a winding side street just off the Tenderloin district and a stone's throw from Carol Doda's silicone breasts—where he operated a small typesetting business. All this industry so that he and his partner **Andrea Juno** could publish what was and remains to this date the hippest periodical in America.

It used to be called *Search and Destroy* magazine, and it was offset on cheap pulp with black-and-white graphics that totally reflected the punk aesthetic that leaped off the pages. But Vale was one literate punk. He idolized William Burroughs, knew Brion Gysin backwards and sideways and cut up, and was a devotee of the great English futurist J. G. Ballard, so along with the obligatory articles on the Sex Pistols and the Dead Kennedys and Eraserhead, there would be long treatises on Breton or de Sade or Russ Meyer.

A few years back, Vale decided to pack in the old format and put out a new, slicker, more modern magazine devoted to one theme each time out. He even got a grant of sorts from that woman cop on *Hill Street Blues*—Betty Thomas—and **ReSearch** was born. His first issue was devoted entirely to William Burroughs and Brion Gysin.

I met Vale in the summer of 1982. My friend Charles Gatewood, who is kind of the Weegee of today's counterculture, told me to look him up when I hit San Fran. So I did, and Vale took me back to his loft and I lost myself in his gargantuan book collection. Vale, like me, is a student of deviance, so he kept hopping from room to room pulling out books like *Anomalies and Curiosities of Medicine* and *The Secret Museum of Mankind* and *The Secret Societies of All Ages and Countries*. Later, Vale and Andreo and I walked around the corner to Enrico's Cafe, a bohemian outpost of much renown, and Vale whipped out his little black book.

Vale is a total enthusiast—of books, of records, of obscure horror films, of gore clippings, and, of course, of weird people. "You're going to L.A., you *must* look up **Johanna Went**. She's incredible, she's a *real* artist."

CATHERINE HAZARD

A few days later I was in Hollywood, and I met up with Johanna at Al's Bar, an arty hangout in the seedy downtown section of L.A. She was there to see her friends the Fibonnacis play. Johanna is a petite redhead with a smile which, when unleashed, can melt steel. But she was mostly serious, working two jobs at the time, scraping together enough money so she could do her art.

It's hard for Johanna to exactly talk about her art, because she does performances, and her performances are of the nature of trance-gressions. That is to say, Johanna creates replicas of cherished icons of American culture, things like the Statue of Liberty, and Dad-as-dummy, and Mommy's Vagina, and she gets onstage and to the accompaniment of loud industrial rhythms (performed live and on tape by improvising musicians), she enters a trance state and begins to violate these objects guided by sheer unconscious will.

Unfortunately, I never saw any evidence of this while we were hanging out in L.A., since Johanna was between shows. She spent that time foraging around in thrift stores, butcher shops, and garbage bins amassing the raw materials for her next performance. She also took me to her favorite Thai restaurant, a little storefront near her house, where we talked about her working-class childhood in Seattle, and her early days as an agitprop street theater performer, and her favorite horror movies.

Johanna and I kept in touch over the years, and recently she made a rare trip to New York. She came with her slides, since doing a whole show was cost-prohibitive, and she made the alphabet club circuit. The slides were impressive, especially a performance she did last summer in L.A. in honor of the Olympics. It was called "Knife Boxing," and the poster showed a close-up of Johanna in boxer regalia, holding two rather ominous-looking knives in her Everlast gloves. She told me she had a video of that performance, so she came over to show it.

It was at the Lingerie in L.A., and Johanna came out dressed like a boxer. She then proceeded to (not necessarily in this order) pull huge foam-rubber tampons out of a gaping vagina and fling them at the audience, who proceeded to throw them right back at her; disembowel a dummy and pull out a long string of bloody sausages; get into a dress/cape she devised that features a long string of doll faces she took off porno dolls; and dress up in a Statue of Liberty outfit that had a pump hooked in that spewed what looked like blood all over the audience.

"Is that real blood?" I asked Johanna.

She answered without taking her eyes off the video. "Nah," she said, "I make my own stage blood. You can't use real blood, it gets too thick and black and it really starts to stink. Plus it's got all sorts of diseases in it." She screwed up her face.

Back on the screen, she was alternating between flinging huge strips of foam rubber into the audience and grabbing the mike and emitting eerie shaman squeals. She was transfixed, all right. It was a great performance and a fitting tribute to the Olympic spirit.

As soon as the video was over, Johanna jumped up and threw another tape on. "This is **Mark Pauline**'s tape. It's really great." Pauline is another of those conceptual artists that Vale had umbrellaed under the rubric "industrial culture." Pauline is a guy who grew up being generally antisocial in Florida. He arrived in San Francisco in 1978 and began mutilating billboards and pouring nitric acid/urine combinations into bank night-deposit boxes when his bank threat posters were prematurely removed. Finally, he harnessed all this art-energy into creating scary machines with personalities that would be surrogate performers and blow themselves and each other up during the shows.

Pauline suffers for his art, literally. When he got impatient with a can of rocket fuel he was brewing up a few years ago, he

◀ **Mark Pauline: an artist who literally bled for his art.**

struck it with a hammer, and the next thing he knew, he was staring at the charred remains of the bones of his right hand. It isn't much safer being in the audience of one of Mark's performances, as some viewers have been known to exit with shrapnel wounds. "I always like to think I can stir up trouble," Mark told Vale. "It excites me to think that I can annoy people in a way that confuses them."

We watched one of Pauline's performances, watched machines hop around and spew bowling balls and Bill's and attack huge human masks and belch fire and smoke and chase dead rabbits that had been customized so they could try to escape thanks to their mechanical innards, and I was impressed with what the left coast was doing in this area. Why wasn't anybody doing anything like this here in New York? I lamented out loud.

"We have more space out there," Johanna explained.

She was right. Here, in the bowels of the industrial culture, we have Laurie Anderson playing back her telephone-answering-machine messages to an audience full of fatcat Manhattan culture brokers who think it all so daring, the way she makes her voice sound like a man's. Then they leave the posh auditorium and get into their Mercedeses. Thankfully, there are people like Mark Pauline who are sitting on the roof of that building across the street [illegible] to a madman. ■

NOTE: A half hour video bio of Mark Pauline is available from ReSearch Publishing, 20 Romolo #B, San Francisco, CA 94133. Mark Pauline's videotapes are available from Target Video, 670 S. Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94110. Johanna West's tapes and albums are available from Johanna West, P.O. Box 291071, Los Angeles, CA 90029.

Brian Aldiss: Helliconia Calling

Frank Herbert is known for *Dune*. Robert Heinlein is known for his Future History stories. Isaac Asimov is known for his Foundation novels. Harlan Ellison is known for his sucker punch. And Brian Aldiss is known for [illegible] for.

Actually, there is no one series or concept that is synonymous with the name of Brian Aldiss, despite the fact that the Britisher has won virtually every major award science fiction has to offer during his thirty-two-year career (see box). In fact, Aldiss for many years had a very high profile, as his traditional (albeit excellent) work of the fifties and early sixties was transformed into the taboo-shattering, wildly experimental themes and forms that Aldiss introduced in *New Worlds* magazine. More recently, the bad boy of Britain has gone straight; indeed, his Helliconia trilogy shows every sign of becoming Aldiss's Foundation trilogy or *Dune*. This is the same writer who was nearly tarred and feathered by the sf community for breaking all their cherished rules with books like *Barefoot in the Head*, *Report from Probability A*, and *The Eighty-Minute Hour* a few years back.

Born in the small town of East Dereham, England, sixty years ago, Brian Wilson Aldiss spent much of his childhood attending boarding schools and daydreaming over issues of *Wonder Stories* and *Astounding*. He then enlisted in the British army, where he served in the Royal Corps of Signals in Burma as an adjunct of the Indian army. (Which explains why Aldiss resembles a cast member from *The Jewel in the Crown*.) Released from service in 1948, Aldiss decided to make use of the countless hours he had spent reading genre fiction (what else is there to do on a long Burmese night?) by becoming a professional writer.

His first published science fiction story, "Criminal Record," appeared in *Science Fantasy* magazine in 1954. Stardom was not immediately foisted upon Aldiss, but he hung on until his [illegible] big reward: being named Most Promising Writer of 1959 at the World Science Fiction Convention, an honor that brought Aldiss his first Hugo statuette. ("It's a ghastly-looking thing, y'know.") [illegible] followed, and Aldiss dutifully accepted them and hid them in his coat [illegible]. But by the mid-sixties Aldiss was bored with the constraints of conventional sf, and began guerrilla warfare in the [illegible] reviled from shore to shore, as his Acid Wars saga and other impolite notions caused sf fans and pros alike to gnash their teeth and be mean to their dogs. Aldiss accepted the slings and arrows gracefully, stored them alongside his Hugos, and kept writing.

And today, once again, he is the darling of the critics. But—at least *report*—respectability isn't total, and Brian Aldiss wouldn't succumb to it even if it were. Which only goes to show that you can be the best science fiction writer in the world and still be a bad boy at heart.

—Mike Barson

Heavy Metal: Completing an intricate story such as the Helliconia trilogy must have been a great relief for you. Do you think you'll tackle the epic trilogy form again, or have you had enough?

Brian Aldiss: I was the right age to take on something like Helliconia. I've got a lot of writing experience, a lot of life experience, but I'm not yet gaga. But one trilogy was enough for me. It takes so much strength to do a story on this scale; I really wouldn't want to start it all over again now.

HM: Now that it's complete, are you pleased with what you did with the Helliconia trilogy?

BA: Oh, yes. You know, part of the impulse to write Helliconia was to get [illegible] and do a big, solid novel that no one could say wasn't sf.

HM: Which was a charge leveled at some of your experimental novels, such as *Report on Probability A*. Did the controversy and criticism bother you?

BA: Not really. With *Report*, I came nearest to doing what I set out to do. I knew what I wanted to do in it, and I feel I did it. But, yes, it received a cool response. Why? Perhaps because it was just too much of a surprise. I'd always thought science fiction was about surprise, that a novel that took you by the throat was what everyone loved. It was what I loved most—that wonderful sense of dislocation that the best sf induced. So when I wrote *Report*, I expected everyone to be so pleased, because here was a profoundly dislocating story, a mind-blower.

Well, I miscalculated. In England they hated it, over here there was just a stunned silence. Everyone was asking, "What is this shit Aldiss doing? He's finished; it's all over, he can't even think of a bloody plot." It was really quite funny, the vehemence of the response. But now *Report* is in its fifth printing, which proves what I've always thought: the science fiction readership is willing to keep working at something until they understand it. They're extraordinarily hungry for an intellectual challenge.

HM: Actually, you've survived with more glory than most of the new-wave writers with whom you appeared in *New Worlds* back in the sixties.

BA: The new-wave movement of the sixties wasn't the first new wave in sf, you know. In the fifties, Horace Gold's approach with *Galaxy* magazine seemed quite revolutionary and radical. *New Worlds* went even further, I suppose: they were trying to offend people. But you must remember that, before the break, British sf was in a sorry state. Most of it was a pallid imitation of the U.S. stuff. Except for Arthur Clarke and John Wyndham, we had no voices of our own. So at *New Worlds* we had to chuck out the old shags who were still doing those awful imitations.

HM: What about the shags of today? Do you see a strong field out there now producing vital, original works of science fiction?

BA: I must say that, at the moment, there seems to be a great deal of stagnation in the field. No natural successors have popped up to take the place of Philip Dick.

Maybe Dick isn't dead, maybe he's still alive, and all the rest of us are characters in one of his novels, in one of those horrible worlds where we're doomed to repeat our mistakes over and over. That's the best explanation for Reagan, isn't it? Yes, I believe Dick is out there right now—laughing away. What I loved most about him was, he had the pure quill, and he never deserted science fiction.

MM: There seems to be a lot of back-to-the-basics of coming out these days, stuff that consciously is striving for the feel of the thirties.

BA: Nostalgia doesn't interest me; it's an awful disease, and everyone today seems infected with it. Too many British science fiction writers seem to have retreated into a small, England-is-the-universe kind of sf. It's very insular, and it doesn't talk to the world as the best sf should.

MM: And then you have fantasy, which you could say doesn't talk to the world at all.

BA: Fantasy really is literature for teenagers. Teenagers don't have a lot of money, but what they do have is a lot of time. So they'll read all nine volumes of Stephen Donaldson, or whomever. I think the chief appeal of fantasy is its magical monetary system. Everyone always ends up with a pot of gold at the end, as if money were the answer to everything. I suppose to a teenager it might seem as though it is. But I have a sequence in one of the Helliconia books where money is invented, creating all sorts of problems and disasters that didn't exist before. That's the difference between sf and fantasy.

MM: You once went on record as saying that all genres eventually wear out. That would suggest that science fiction is in danger of succumbing to entropy after a while. Or do you see that already happening?

BA: That did used to puzzle me. But now I don't look upon science fiction as a genre at all. Rather, it contains genres: space opera, the catastrophe novel, and so on. Science fiction is too big to be a genre. The term "sf" is really just a publishing category. There's no reason why authors need subscribe to someone's limitations of the term. If you think of science fiction as a mode, it's much easier to write. That way one can move smoothly from one mode to another without having to worry whether or not he's writing science fiction.

MM: After thirty years of being an outlaw in the field, breaking rules as fast as they could be made, do you ever feel just plain tired? Setting the pace as you have for so long must be quite an ordeal. Do you want to come in from the cold?

BA: I'll answer that with a story. My old editor at Doubleday was Larry Ashmead, a terrific chap. But when I sent him *Barefoot in the Head*—the Acid Wars story I had run as a serial in *New Worlds*—he told me, "I like it, Brian, but no one else will. But here's an extra five hundred dollars for trying." After the book came out I realized he was right: I just didn't fit into the system. For a while I felt depressed. But then I thought to myself, why had I become a writer in the first place? To [illegible] to be society. So of course I wouldn't fit into the system. And realizing that I felt much better! ■

Report on Probability Aldiss:
Awards, Citations, and Parking Tickets

MOST PROMISING NEW AUTHOR: Hugo Special Citation, 1958

BEST NOVEL: *Hothouse* (*The Long Afternoon of Earth*, U.S.), Hugo Award, 1962

BEST NOVELLA: "The Saliva Tree" Nebula Award, 1966

MOST POPULAR BRITISH SF WRITER: British Science Fiction Award, 1969

WORLD'S BEST CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE FICTION AUTHOR: Dilmar Award, 1970

BEST COLLECTION: *The Moment of Eclipse*; British Science Fiction, 1972

EXCELLENCE IN SCIENCE FICTION CRITICISM: James Blish Award, 1977

Raving and Drooling

The Science-Fictional Stigmata of Barry Malzberg

So far, the best writing about science fiction has come not from professional critics or outside observers, but from guys who also write the stuff—like Damon Knight (*In Search of Wonder* and *The Futurians*), Brian Aldiss (*Billion Year Spree*), Samuel Delany (*The Jewel-Hinged Jaw*), Alexei and Cory Panshin (*SF in Dimension*), and Algis Budrys (a decade's worth of monthly book reviews for *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*). This is true not because they as a group know more (though that's frequently the case) or think better (ditto), but that they bring with them the passion of personal involvement: the knowledge of readers, the writing skills of professional entertainers, and—most important—the fact that most of them are deeply twisted individuals. Sf is an incestuous little world, so tightly knit that it has been with the strain, and reading insider assessments is a bit like questing a twitching outpatient on the success of his/her electroshock therapy.

Bringing us rather pertinently to **Barry N. Malzberg** and his recent collection of essays, ***The Engines of the Night: Science Fiction of the Eighties*** (Bluejay). Malzberg's writing—fiction and non—is all of a piece: seething with corrosive passions; obsessed with madness, betrayal, and failure; and gripped by an autoerotic stranglehold of self-loathing. At his best Malzberg synthesizes this stuff into morbidly hilarious fictions, like *Herovit's World*, where the mindless pulp sf to which writer Jonathan Herovit has chained his creative and financial fortunes rises up to engulf him in its abyss of psychotic unreality. Another personal favorite is a sleazy, semi-porn novel called *The Spread*, packaged in generic anonymity and billed as "Leisure Books' Inflation Fighter #1. Unbeatable Books at Unbeatable Prices!" (Kilgore Trout's got nothing on Malzberg.) It tells the story of an Al Goldstein–like sex-tabloid publisher whose unsavory product not only pitches him into madness, but takes on a chilling life of its own as well. That the author signed his own name to this book (likewise his other sex novels: *Screen*, *Oracle of a Thousand Hands*, and *In My Parents' Bedroom*, the last being the world's only porno book epigraphed with a Delmore Schwartz quote), and then, a couple of years ago, inscribed a copy presented to him with a weary "Another three-day wonder," tells us something of the man's tragically complex psychology. *The Engines of the Night* tells us more. Too much, I think.

Through the ventriloquism of fiction, the insane ravings of Malzberg's characters seem like bitterly giddy exaggerations of the world in cross section. You can recognize the kernel of truth beneath the furious huffing and puffing, and presume that the author's as fully cognizant of his disproportionate skewing of reality as you are. But *The Engines of the Night* strips away all artifice; there is no distance between this author and his fiction. Herovit's world is also Malzberg's. (Art intimates life.) Science fiction, in all its debased glory, is the unworthy weapon Barry Malzberg has chosen to bludgeon himself with.

This is a profoundly depressing book—partly for the author's intended reasons (his bleak picture of sf, which I'm in basic agreement with)—mostly because of the sordid trap it reveals Malzberg hopelessly ensnared in. This is the trap of self-loathing, rancorous competitiveness, petty jealousy, and debilitating hatred. He smears the entire sf world with his own worst fears about himself, projecting onto it his own miseries, paranoid obsessions, and belief system of demons and tormenting spirits. Barry Malzberg put all his hope in the hollow sf dream, and it failed him miserably. Insanity, alcoholism, and suicide await the poor sap entering sf without the emotional shielding of a cynical hack. Anyone who, like Malzberg, harbors bright, optimistic hopes and high ideals is doomed. Science fiction is a curse, a contagion, a fatal weakness, a life sentence without parole, a steel rear alleyway littered with the human detritus of its cruel, perfumed deception.

You probably think I'm exaggerating. "Oh, come on, Lou," you're muttering. "You're layin' it on a bit thick, aren't you?" Wish I were. Barry Malzberg has victimized himself with a pathetically juvenile, romantic delusion of reality. He is like the child who's never learned that misery is self-induced, that yes, the world is an ugly place (so?) but that the traps holding tight to your wretched life are of your own design. The sf community has been transposed into Malzberg's family of the mind (a common enough syndrome among adolescent fans, but this guy should know better), and he bitterly resents that family for not applauding and rewarding his efforts. (Somehow, a succession of "three day wonders" doesn't seem like the best way to a family heart.) Last spring, at the Science Fiction Writers of America's Nebula Awards banquet, Malzberg was in an [illegible] violent mood. The reason? He'd sold a novel to Del Rey Books, chief purveyors of the sort of puerile trips Jonathan Herovit so despised himself for writing. "A final vindication," he called it. Sounds suspiciously like familial acceptance to me (final judgment is reserved until *The Remaking of Sigmund Freud* comes out). But whatever it is, a man of Malzberg's talent and vision shouldn't need anyone else's validation to tell him he's okay. His work has already done it.

Needing a good tonic to restore my flagging spirits, grasped around the bookshelf and found two. **The Pale Shadow of Science** (Serconia Press) is a collection of recent, varied nonfictions by **Brian Aldiss**, one of the most articulate, modulated-by-thought voices in the chatter-filled sf monkey house. Ah, sanity! The thirteen pieces assembled here are apportioned into three sections: first, three bits of autobiography (filling in some blanks left by his evocative chapter in *Hell's Cartographers*), followed by six single-author sf studies (a good eulogy for Philip Dick, astute examinations of Orwell, Stapledon, and Mary Shelley, a minor ramble on Ilish, and a truly awful appreciation of Harry Harrison), caboosed by four sf overviews. It's here—in an address on the role of science and prediction in sf delivered to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and in an essay defending his choice of *Frankenstein* as sf's true beginning—that Aldiss shines. Arriving by implication at a working near definition of sf, he points to Mary Shelley's conscious evocation of post-Industrial Revolution science to achieve her novel's magical ends. "This is qualitatively different from being carried to the Moon accidentally by migratory geese, or being shipwrecked on Lilliput, or summoning up the devil, or creating life out of spit and mud. Victor Frankenstein makes a rational decision: he operates on the world, rather than vice versa." Then, by contrasting the imaginative play, or "unattracted thought," of H. G. Wells's early work (*The Time Machine*) with the more didactically protective later stuff (*The Shape of Things to Come*), which, in Wells's own terminology, is the product of more rational, scientific "directed thought," he draws a telling distinction between good science and good literature. Sf might be a rational response to the world, he says, but it is most effective when couched in the language of dreams.

More sanity, and further level-headed scrutiny of the sf response, comes from **David Hartwell** in ***Age of Wonders*** (Walker). Though not a writer by trade, Hartwell is certainly an insider (probably the best of editor currently working, having initiated the Avalon but defunct Timescape program, and presently consulting for Arbor House and Tor), with the added bonus of weighty academic credentials in medieval literature. All this, apparently, more than makes up for his (as far as I can tell) not being too hirsute, because *Age of Wonders* is probably the best overview of the sf phenomenon (dealing extensively with both causes and effect) I've come across. Though I might disagree with his rosy outlook (he parrots the hoary assertion that sf readers embrace change—anyone who's observed the crowds at sf conventions, and looked over what they prefer to read, knows that they are, if anything, more instinctively locked into the past and fearful of the future than their "mundane" brothers), his observations—delivered in a smoothly readable, unpretentious style suitable for specialist and non-sf reader alike—have undeniable validity, and provide valuable insight into the motivations of one of the guys responsible for what we get to read (smiley books by other editors—Donald Wollheim and Lester Del Rey—have been boring and next to useless).

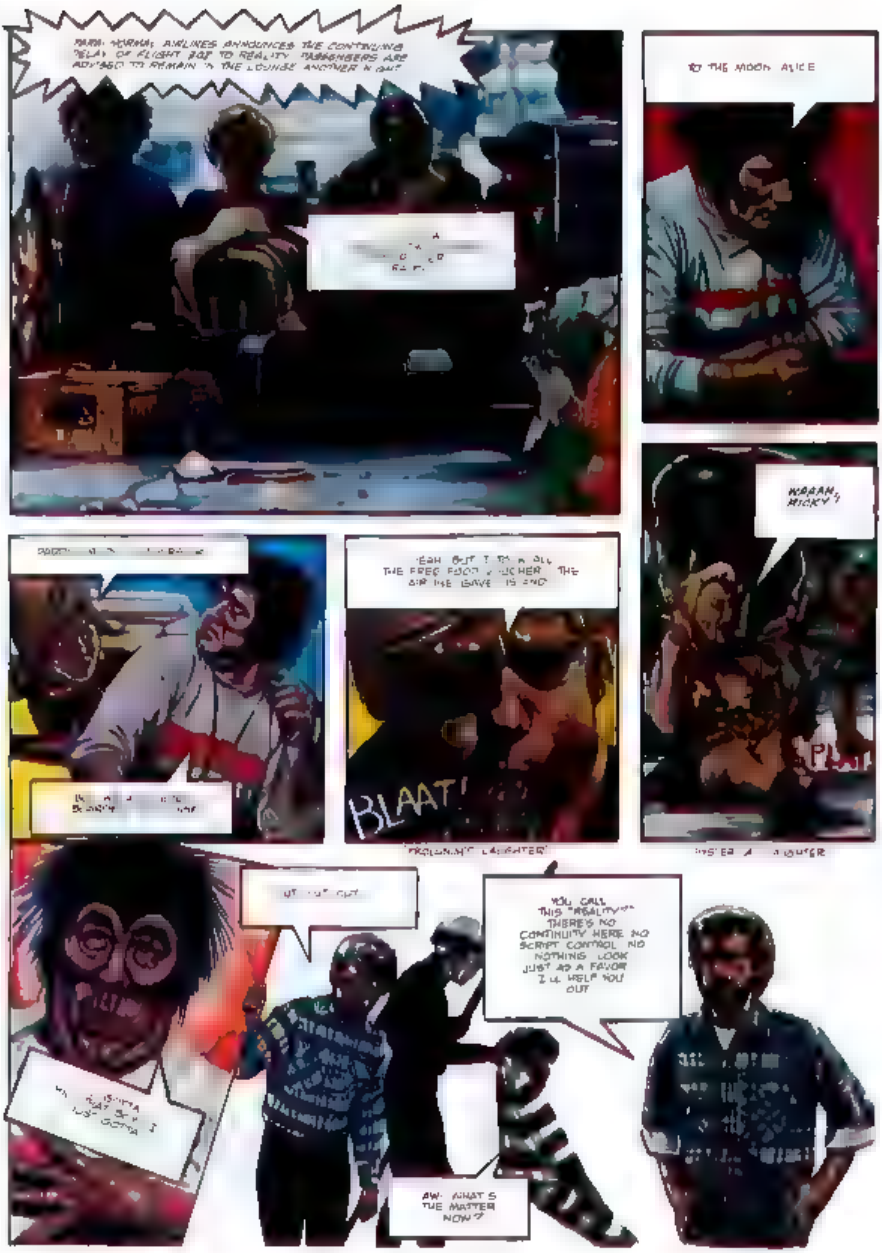
I do, however, echo his rallying cry for the preservation of the "specialness" of sf in its ideal state (one that's precious hard to find), what he calls "the need for independence, the clarity of vision that will allow the field to endure the tension between art and money without fleeing its own center of being, diluting or rejecting its own traditional virtues." That's not hermetic isolation or ghettoization he's talking about, but a concentration of inner strength to help focus the glimmering prophetic images that lies at the core of the science fictional context. And that's what sf really is, when you get right down to it—a context for speculative thought, a state of mind that rejects the primacy of all other states of mind.

As an illustration of sf's polymorphous potential, contrast Hartwell's view of Asimov's "Nightfall" (the "golden age" chestnut about the night that comes only once every two thousand years) and Barry Malzberg's. To the former, who sees of as a philosophical breeding ground where unisex line up for their lines of wonder, "Nightfall" is an awe-inspiring mind game. Malzberg, the prophet of dread, sees it as a horror-filled allegory on the wages of ignorance, the madness that lurks at the end of every pathway. Never has the case for sf as fictive mirror of the soul been clearer.

—Lou Stathis

(If you can't find a copy of *The Pale Shadow of Science*—it's a very limited press run—send $10.75 to: Serconia Press, 4626 Winslow Place N. Seattle, WA 98103.)

by Rod Kierkegaard, Jr


PARA-NORMAL AIRLINES ANNOUNCES THE CONTINUING DELAY OF FLIGHT 237 TO REALITY. PASSENGERS ARE ADVISED TO REMAIN IN THE LOUNGE ANOTHER HOUR
TO THE MOON ALICE
WHAAH, RICKY?
BLAAT!
YOU CALL THIS "REALITY"? THERE'S NO CONTINUITY HERE. NO SCRIPT CONTROL. NO NOTHING. LOOK JUST AS A FAVOR I'LL HELP YOU OUT
AW. WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?

ROLL CAMERAS! SLOW DISSOLVE— CUE JOHN WILLIAMS—
ACTION!
AFTER I HAD BEEN BENT, FOLDED SEA THE THREE OF US WERE BROUGHT ABOARD A UFO PILOTED BY TWO CREATURES NAMED ROSE & LUEL WHO SEEMED TO POSSESS NO PARTICULAR GENDER YET BICKERED CONSTANTLY. I THINK IT MUST HAVE BEEN MARRIED
I TOLD YOU YOU'D FIXED THE ENGINE
WELL IF YOU'RE SO SMART, WHY DON'T YOU GET OUT AND PUSH?
REALITY ISN'T EASY TO FIND. I TOLD THEM ALL I KNEW OF THE PLANET "EARTH" IN THE YEAR 1985
AND DID EVERYONE DRIVE BMW'S AND DRINK LOWENBRAU?
DID THEY PLAY THE "RUNS CIRCLES" AT "COCKTAIL PARTIES"?
YES, I'D AT FIRST THOUGHT WE WERE ALL AT JINS PREFER "HIGH"
THEN PREPARE FOR LANDING

LOOK OUT FOR THE POWER LINES YOU BETTA
JUST GET OFF MY BACK WILL YOU ?
MAYBE THIS SIGNPOST WILL TELL US WHERE WE ARE
MY GOD! IT'S AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE WHERE THE NAZIS WON THE WAR COME BACK YOU FOOLS YOU SENT US TO THE WRONG REALITY!

TO BE CONTINUED

MARA'S EDGE

BORN ON AN OVERCROWDED EARTH IN A MISERABLE CONAPT, MARA WILLOUGHBY WATCHED HER LIFE DRIFT BY. SHE RESENTED HER NEIGHBORS, WHO ALWAYS SEEMED TO HAVE THE EDGE ON HER. SHE REMEMBERED HEARING THAT THE TERM FOR SUCH PEOPLE WAYBACK IN THE 1980s WAS "YUPPIE".
I GET ALL THE SHIT JOBS ON THIS TUB! ME-- A WOMAN OF MY VAST UNTAPPED POTENTIAL, AN THEY'VE GOT ME CLEANING OUT THE PLUMBING FER CHRISSAKES!!!
WHEN THE CALL WENT OUT FOR VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FIRST TRADING MISSION TO ANTARES, MARA WAS THE FIRST TO APPLY. WHEN SHE WAS SELECTED FOR THE MISSION, IT SEEMED LIKE SHE'D FINALLY MADE THE FIRST TEAM. BUT, AS USUAL

STORY BY
STEVE RIGGENBERG

ART BY
MILTON KNIGHT, JR.

NOW IF THE CAPTAIN HAD ANY BRAINS, I'D BE THE ONE NEGOTIATING WITH THE ANTAREANS, SO--
WHAAA!
OOGAH! OOGAH!
WHAT THE F--!
ATTENTION! THE HULL'S BEEN PUNCTURED!
DANGER! DANGER! ATMOSPHERIC ALERT!
THIS SOUNDS SERIOUS!
BETTER GET INTO MY PRESSURE SUIT AND CHECK WITH THE SKIPPER!
HEY SKIPPER WHAT THE HE--EEEUUYUCK!! THEY'RE ALL DEAD! THE METEOR WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE CABIN!
WHO'S FLYIN' THIS THING!?!
EMERGENCY! EMERGENCY! PLANETOID APPROACHING -MANUAL OVERRIDE REQUESTED--
WAIT A MINUTE! YOU STUPID MACHINE! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO LAND THIS TUB-- I'M JUST THE SANITARY ENGINEER!
PRELIMINARY DATA INDICATES HIGH PROBABILITY OF SURVIVAL FOLLOWING IMPACT--PLANETOID ATMOSPHERE READING NITROGEN
I DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT STUFF!! JUST GET ME DOWN NOW!
I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE IN THE VOID OF AIRLESS SPACE!

MARA STEERS THE CRIPPLED SHIP TOWARDS THE TINY PLANETOID
WHOOOAAA!!! I'M COMING IN!!
I'M ALIVE! WHAT IS THIS PLACE? KINDA REMINDS ME OF... EEEEEEEEE!!!
RAW-HAW-HAW!
HOLY SHIT! THOSE POOR LITTLE GUYS!
BLOTZ!
EAT DEATH YOU TURKEY!
HEY! IT'S OKAY NOW! I ROASTED THAT THING! C'MON FELLAS - GET OFF YOUR KNEES AND TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!
LATER
JEEZE, THEY MAY BE SHORT, GREEN AND HAIRLESS, BUT THESE GUYS SURE KNOW HOW TO MAKE A GAL FEEL WELCOME!
A-WIMOWEH... AWIMOWEH...

THE VICTORY LUAU HELD IN MARA'S HONOR BY THE GRATEFUL NATIVES LASTS FAR INTO THE NIGHT
FINALLY -- SOME RESPECT FOR PRIMITIVES, THESE GUYS CAN REALLY PARTY! I COULD GET TO LIKE THIS PLACE!
THE HEAD GUY LOOKS LIKE HE WANTS TO TELL ME SOMETHING
HOPE THE CIRCUITS ON THIS TRANSLATOR AREN'T TOO SCRAMBLED TO DECIPHER YOUR LINGO, CHARLIE!
OHHHH, YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE I COME FROM! I COME FROM THE SKY! FROM UP! - OUT THERE -- YOU DIG, SHORTY?
JEEZE, THIS GUY THINKS THEIR WORLD IS FLAT AND SURROUNDED BY MONSTERS. GUESS NOBODY EVER TOLD THESE GEEKS ABOUT COLUMBUS. Hmmm THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA.
NOW LISTEN UP, YOU LIL' Q-BALLS! YER PISSANT GODS SENT ME HERE TO RULE! SO FIRST OFF, I'LL PROVE TO YOU THE WORLD IS ROUND!
MORNING..
THESE GUYS WORK FAST -- JEEZE, THEY LOOK LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO A FUNERAL. THEY MUST HAVE HANGOVERS.
HEY -- CHEER UP, YOU GUYS! I'LL BE BACK IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS, HONEST!
BACK OR BUST

TWO WEEKS OUT.
MORE FLYING FISH! BOREDOM IS THE MOST DANGEROUS THING AROUND HERE! THOSE NATIVE SUPERSTITIONS--CHEE WHAT A BUNCH OF LOONIES!
SIGH! MIGHT AS WELL TAKE ANOTHER NAP--
HEY--IS THAT THUNDER?!
RUMBLE
BETTER TAKE DOWN MY WASH BEFO. OHMIGOD!!!
AND AS THE GREAT, SLIMY TENTACLES SLOWLY CLOSED AROUND HER TINY RAFT, MARA'S SCREAMS WERE LOST IN THE DEAFENING ROAR OF THE TITANIC WATERFALL.
SHIT, THERE GOES MY EMPIRE!
FOR THE NATIVE LEGENDS WERE TRUE. MARA FINALLY HAD THE EDGE.
END

Tales of the Galactic Inn

by José Mª Beá

Khantrax's Bedtime Story

CAN'T YOU GUYS THINK OF ANYTHING BUT SEX?
NO, KHANTRAX WE CAN'T, AND WE LIKE IT THIS WAY
LYBORRYNIA, I KNEW I'D FIND YOU IN THE WATER-KITTY WARD, DEDICATED RUFF NURSES LIKE YOU ARE A REAL RARITY!
WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TELL THE CHILDREN A LITTLE BEDTIME STORY?
OKAY FOOL, BUT MAKE IT BRIEF THIS LITTLE BRAT IS ABOUT TO TRANSFORM INTO SOMETHING TOO DANGEROUS TO HOLD

A CLINICAL SPACESHIP OF ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY FLASHES THROUGH THE UNIVERSE. ITS CAPTAIN IS UNDER ORDERS TO TRANSPORT THE ALIEN PRISONER TO BASE. DESPITE THIS RELATIONS BETWEEN THE OFFICER AND HIS CAPTIVE ARE EXCELLENT
I WISH WE WERE THERE ALREADY I'M BORED TO DEATH UP HERE
EVEN THOUGH THE CONVEYOR TRANSMITTED OUR CONVERSATIONS AUTOMATICALLY THREE MONTHS WITH THAT CREATURE IS A BIT TOO MUCH AND THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO
SAY THOMSON MEANT TO TELL YOU
YEAH WHAT IS IT ? FIRE AWAY !
CHRIST ALMIGHTY WHAT'S THAT ?

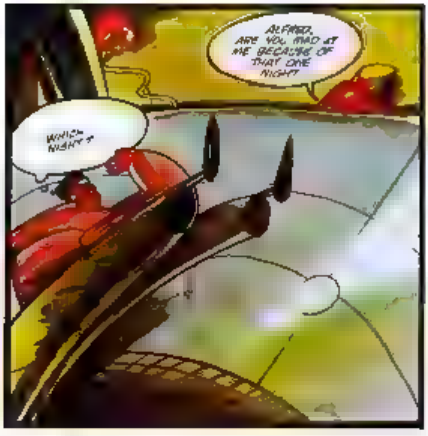
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? YOU'RE DIFFERENT!
OUR RACE GOES THROUGH A SERIES OF MOLECULAR REGENERATIONS WHICH MODIFY OUR ANATOMY COMPLETELY. I MUST NOTIFY YOU THAT DURING THIS TIME
ATTENTION! CAPTAIN FROM BABS! REMEMBER THE OBJECT OF THE MISSION IS TO DELIVER THE ALIEN CAPTIVE ALIVE!
THAT DOES IT! EVEN SOMETHING WEIRD WAS UP!
HE'S TURNED INTO SOME MAD CREATURE, AND I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM BEFORE HE GETS RID OF ME!

YOU GODAWFUL FREAK! YOU'RE CHOKING ME
CHK!
CLANK
I AM IF THE WARLOCK AN
WRRRRRRRR HE'S CRUSHING MY NECK! GOD, YOU FILTHY BEAST!
ATTENTION CAPTAIN FROM BASE! REMEMBER THE OBJECT OF THE MISSION IS TO DELIVER THE ALIEN CAPTIVE ALIVE!
MAYBE IF I... I'LL GET ME TO THE HEMPANY
HIS PARTY. AN FIGHT ON EVEN WHEN SEVERE FROM THE REST OF HIS BODY HIS HANDS TRYING TO CRAWL AWAY

WHAT IF HE REGENERATES A BODY ONTO HIS HAND? THEN THERE WILL BE TWO OF HIM
THAT'S TOWN IT! YOU WILL NOW ENJOY ELEMENTAL DISINTEGRATION IN EVERY PORE OF YOUR REVOLTING BODY!
HIS HAND IT WAS GROWN BACK
THIS IS IT I'VE BOUGHT IT NOW WAIT! THE SUSPENDED ANIMATION LOCKER IS BEHIND HIM IT'S MY LAST CHANCE

TRRASH!!!
JESUS CHRIST NOOOO!!!
GRAWWL
KROOSH!
ATTENTION CAPTAIN FROM BASE YOUR VESSEL HAS NOW ENTERED ORBITAL LINEAR ATTRACTION WE HAVE BEGUN THE SEQUENCE OF YOUR AUTOMATIC HOMING CYCLE
ATTENTION! ENERGETIC PROCESSES CLOSED DOWN THEY ARE EVELED OUT PREPARE TO DISEMBARK AND HAND THE ALIENIZED SUBJECT TO THE AUTHORIZED OFFICIALS

MISSION FAILED AT THE LAST MOMENT HAD TO DESTROY THE ALIENIZED SUBJECT BECAUSE HE HAD BECOME A LIABILITY WE WAS UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND OUR METAMORPHOSIS.
IS THAT TRUE?
YOU CALL THAT A STORY? THAT'S NOTHING! LOOK AT NEON OVER THERE SHE WENT THROUGH A SIMILAR THING
YEAH YEAH I USED TO HAVE THE FACE OF MARILYN MONROE NOW LOOK AT ME! JUST AS THE METAMORPHOSIS WAS TAKING PLACE, I GOT MY PERIOD AND THE WHOLE THING GOT SCREWED UP! TALK ABOUT ALIEN SUBJECTS!
BY THE WAY PICK ME UP SOME FISH ON YOUR NEXT TRIP I'M STARVING!



WRITTEN BY MAURIZIO CORRADO

SILLAVENGO DISAPPEARS

MASSIMO ROSA SCHINI

OUTLINE OF THE PRECEDING EPISODES
SILLAVENGO IS IN ETHIOPIA, ON A SECRET MISSION. TWO DESERTERS, MASQUERADING AS ETHIOPIANS, TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HIS GULLIBILITY AND ABANDON HIM IN THE SAHARA. SILLAVENGO FINDS HIMSELF NEAR THE ENGLISH MILITARY BASE CALLED PINS, WHICH NADIA WANTS TO TAKE POSSESSION OF. SHE TRIES TO SHOOT THE ENGLISH COMMANDING OFFICER BUT GETS SILLAVENGO INSTEAD

1984

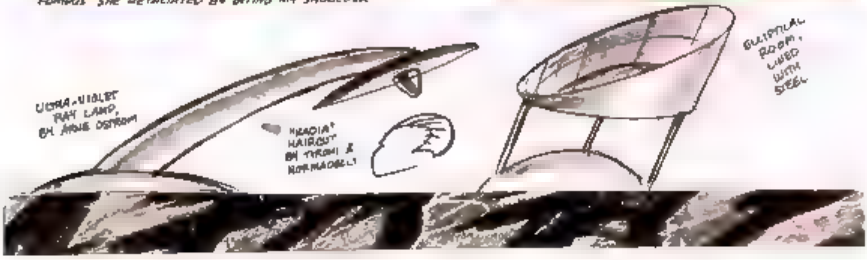
THEY UNDRESSED US AND TOOK US TO A ROUND CHAMBER, WITH A SOFT FLOOR AT THE VERY TOP OF THE TOWER.

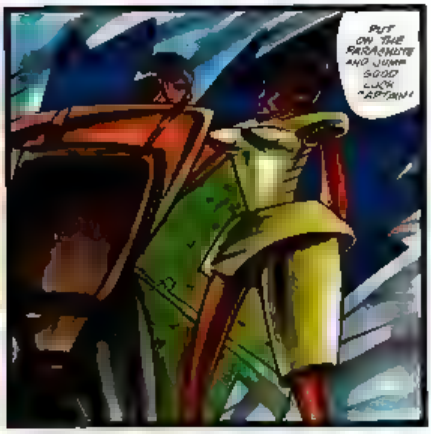
THEY WERE GOING TO KILL US THE NEXT MORNING. WE FELT THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING WE COULD DO AND WE DID IT

I REGAINED MY LUCIDITY AND, THOUGH MY SENSES WERE STILL REELING I SLAMMED HER WITH ALL MY STRENGTH.

FURIOUS, SHE RETALIATED BY BITING MY SHOULDER

FROM NOWHERE A CLEAVING BLOW





I DIDN'T HESITATE A MOMENT I JUMP MYSELF THROUGH THE HOLE AND UNDID QUICK.

MOMENTS AFTER I WAS SLOWLY FLYING TOWARD THE PARACHUTE I FELT SOME GUILT FOR THE WAY I HAD ABANDONED NORM BUT IT QUICKLY DISSIPATED WHEN I TURNED TOWARD THE TOWER

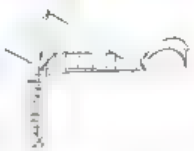
ROUGH SKETCH FOR A DRESS. BY ALESSIA OSA GHIN

PANTS, BY LILY EASTON

TV ANTENNA BY ARNE OSTROM

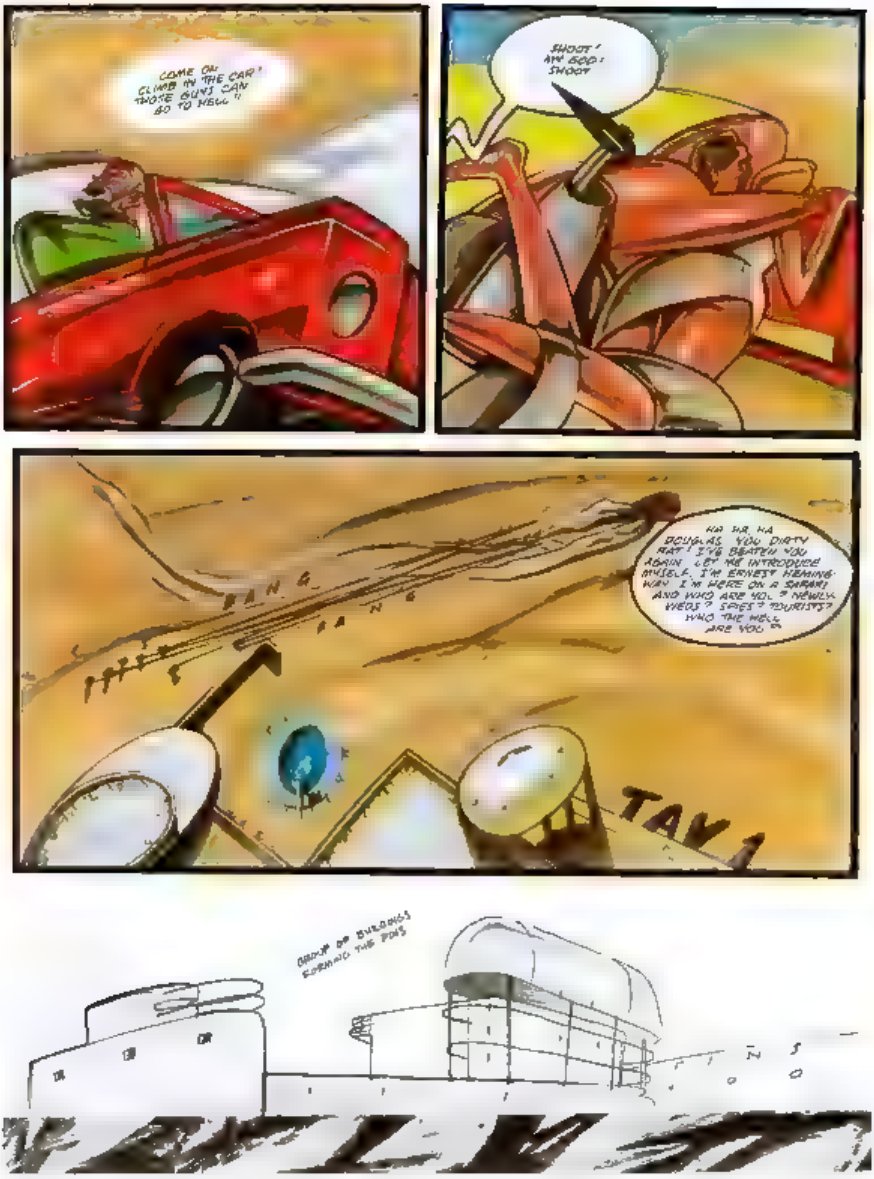
STRANGE DESTINY MAYBE I WAS TRULY ABOUT TO DIE THIS TIME I FELT SORRY I HADN'T FINISHED DESIGNING MY BRIDGE

ARMCHAIR INSPIRED FROM THE MANY ITALIAN DESIGNS OF THE THIRTIES



DESIGN FOR A TRAMPOLINE BY MAURICIO C

TOO BAD THE BRIDES WOULD HAVE BEEN TRULY STUNNING AND TOO BAD FOR NADIA SHE TOO WAS STUNNING

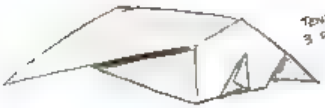

COME ON, CLIMB IN THE CAR! THOSE GUYS CAN GO TO HELL!
SHOOT! MY GOD! SHOOT
HA HA HA DOUGLAS, YOU DIRTY RAT! I'VE BEATEN YOU AGAIN. LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF. I'M ERNEST HEMINGWAY. I'M HERE ON A SAFARI AND WHO ARE YOU? A NEWLY WEDS? SPIES? TOURISTS? WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
BANG
TAV
GROUP OF BUILDINGS FORMING THE FORT

MALVAN WELL, MY BOOKS CAN'T BE PUBLISHED IN ITALY BY DECREE OF THE DUCE I MET HIM IN LAUSANNE IN 1932 ACCORDING TO HIM HE'S THE GREATEST LOVER EVER TO SET FOOT ON THIS PLANET HA HA HA
CAPTAIN EDWARD BILLA: MINING ENGINEER AND HERO TO THIS MADLA FELLOWSHIP WOMAN AND ADVENTURE.

HERE WE ARE! THIS IS MY CAMP A TENT A WOMAN AND A BOTTLE OF WHISKEY

LET HAVE A DRINK AND THEN WE'LL GO IN AND SEE ONE OF MY PICTURES, AGAINST THE WALL THERE A WHITE SCARF WHICH I WON AT WRESTLING AT

THERE ARE ONLY THREE WHITE BOOKS IN ALL OF AFRICA ONE IS HANGING IN AN LIVING ROOM IN TAMANRHIVE THE OTHER IS IN MBANDAKA'S HOUSE THE MOST FEMININE WOMAN EVER TO GRACE THIS EARTH I GAVE IT TO HER


TENT FOR 3 PEOPLE

AFRICAN SIDE TABLE BY KOKO MALOU

AND HERE'S THE THIRD, COMING TOWARD US QUICK GET OUT OF THIS VIEW
MOVE
MOVE, BY LE CORBUSIER!

I WILL TRY TO MAKE THE CRUISER FLY ONCE MORE... I'M MONTA MATUNA THE TUREL INN. SEEM WE FARADISE SOMEDAY TO WHAT I LOVE TO YOU!!
WE MONTA MATUNA WERE DONE FOR SPAGHETTI?

NADIA HAD FALLEN IN THE RAVINE I FELT TERRIBLE BUT I KEPT ON FIGHTING

HELP CAME FROM THE SKY

IN THE FORM OF CRISTIANA JESI BUSH PILOT AND AVIATOR WHO WAS FLYING BACK TO BOLOGNA AFTER A CRUISE ON THE NILE

CRISTIANA SEEMED TO KNOW MY FRIEND QUITE WELL I WASN'T SORRY TO SEE HIM GO

FARRELL BY GAULON

" INVENTION " BY CRISTIANA ZAPPELL

I WAS HOME AT LAST. MY LIFE AS AN ENGINEER WAS STARTING ALL OVER AGAIN AFTER MY ADVENTURES IN ALBANIA TABAUDIA CAPRI ETHIOPIA AND MY EXCITING ENCOUNTERS WITH AIDA VULVA MORBADONA BESCIR THE MONTA MOZUMA AND ZITTO TERMOCEVA

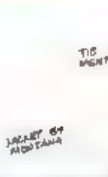
MY LIFE REVOLVED AROUND THE GYM AND THE FASHIONABLE DISCOTHEQUES AND THE RELAXED PACE SEEMED TO AGREE WITH ME

THE HOURS AT THE OFFICE WERE LONG AND FOR ME BARTO WHO I ALWAYS REMAIN TO BE ME ABOUT HIS LATEST EXPLOIT IN THE FASCINATING WOMEN WHILE WORKING ON LATEST PROJECT I HAD NOTHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT LIFE WAS BEAUTIFUL BUT I MISSED SOMETHING ADVENTURE OR MAYBE

MEDIA ©

VASE BY ETTORE SOTTSASS

COSTUME BY REMO BUTI



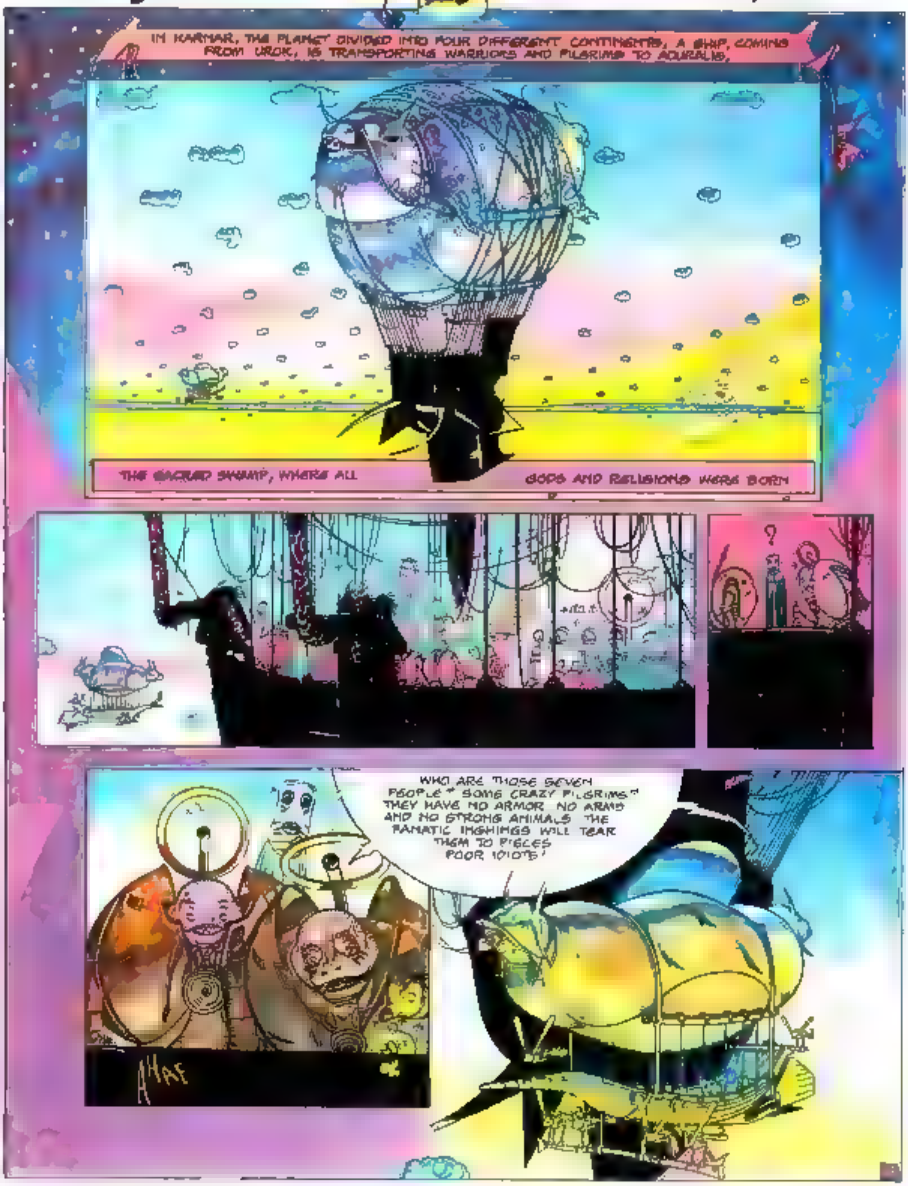
TIE BY MEMPHIS

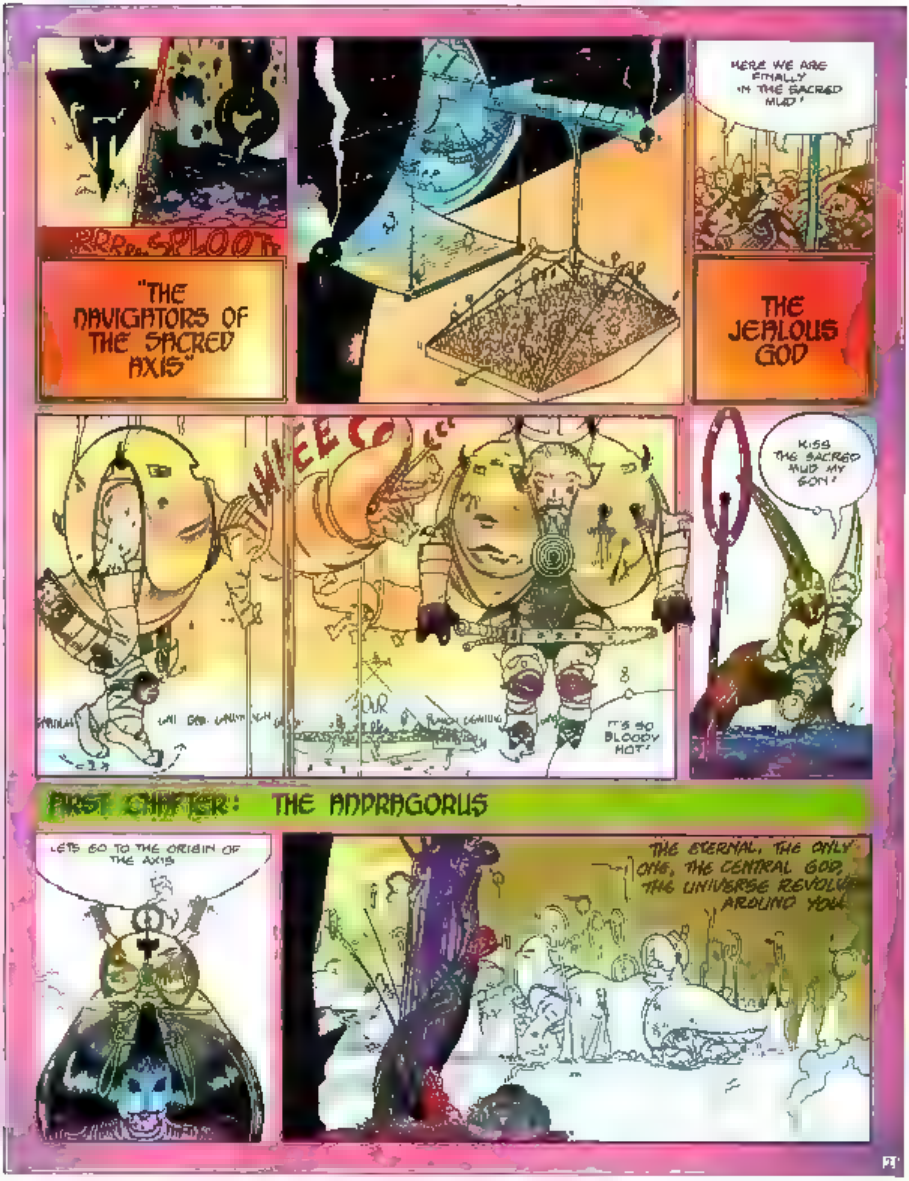
JACKET BY MONTANA

1981 Nuvolo Jim Ghim

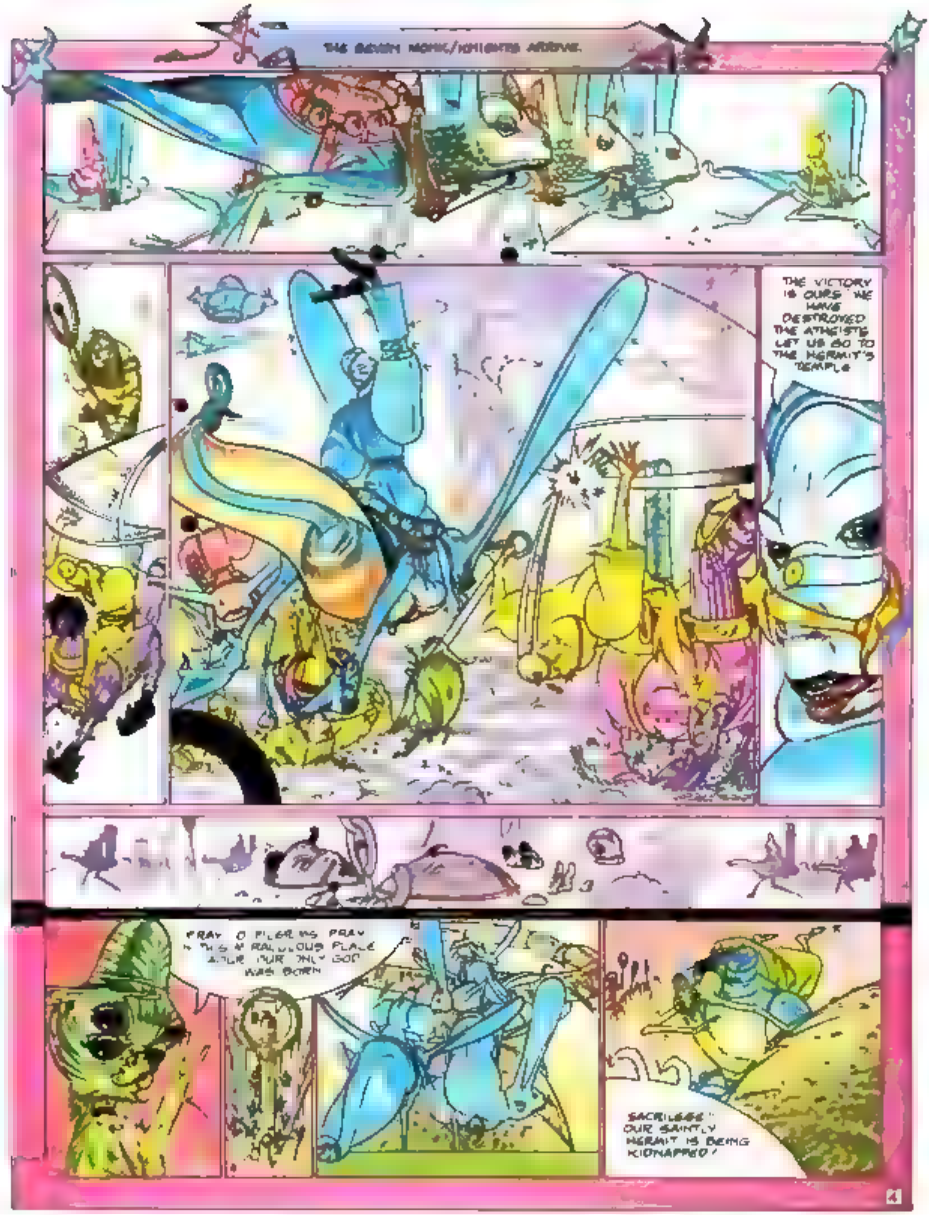
THE JEALOUS GOD

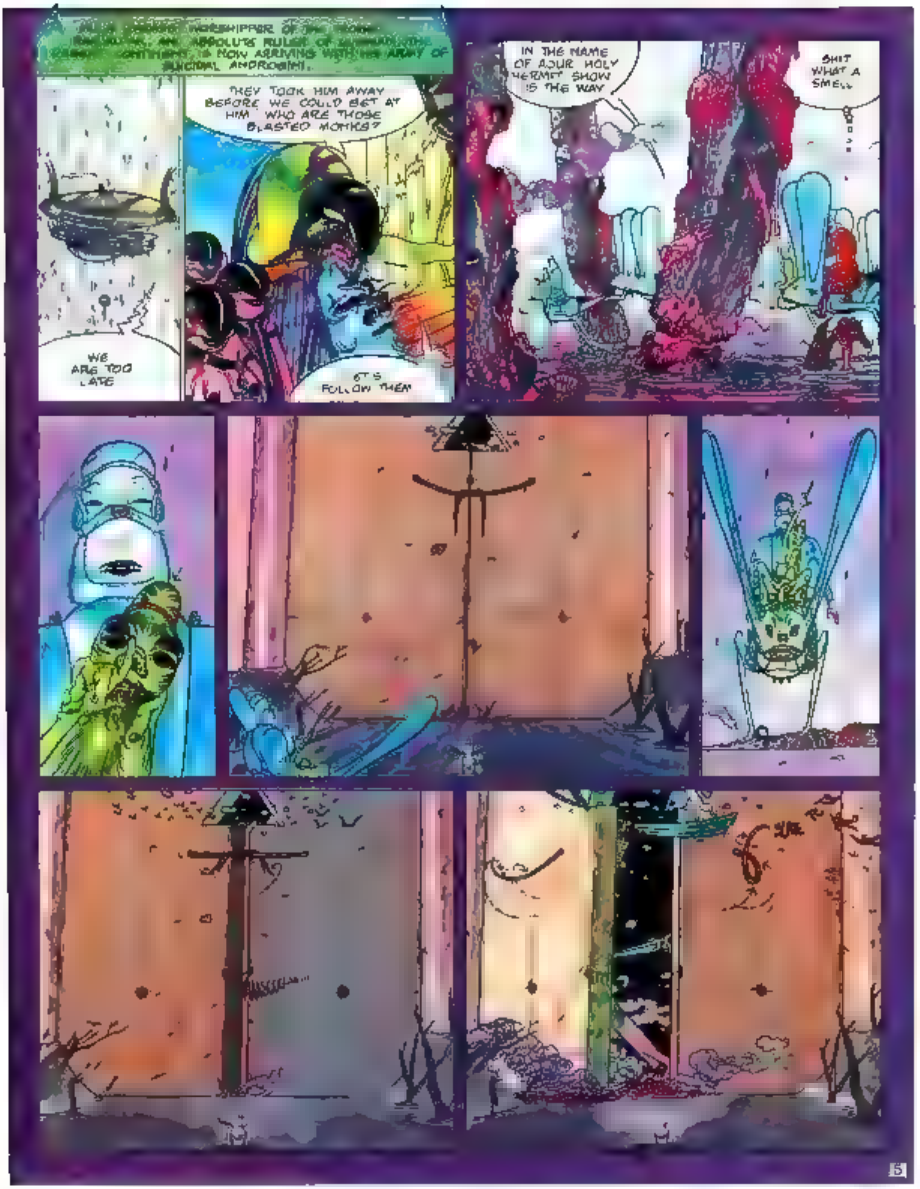
written by Jodorowsky
art by Cadelo


IN KARMAR, THE PLANET DIVIDED INTO FOUR DIFFERENT CONTINENTS, A SHIP, COMING FROM UROK, IS TRANSPORTING WARRIORS AND PILGRIMS TO AQUALIS.
THE SACRED SWAMP, WHERE ALL GODS AND RELIGIONS WERE BORN
?
WHO ARE THOSE SEVEN PEOPLE? SOME CRAZY PILGRIMS? THEY HAVE NO ARMOR, NO ARMS AND NO STRONG ANIMALS. THE FANATIC INGHIMES WILL TEAR THEM TO PIECES. POOR IDIOTS!
HAF


RRR...SPLOOT
"THE NAVIGATORS OF THE SACRED AXIS"
HERE WE ARE FINALLY IN THE SACRED MUD!
THE JEALOUS GOD
WEEE
IT'S SO BLOODY HOT!
KISS THE SACRED MUD MY SON!
FIRST CHAPTER: THE ANDRAGORUS
LETS GO TO THE ORIGIN OF THE AXIS
THE ETERNAL, THE ONLY ONE, THE CENTRAL GOD, THE UNIVERSE REVOLVE AROUND YOU!

THE ATHEISTIC FANATICS OF THE HIGHING CONTINGENT
AOUR IS A LIE!
IN THE NAME OF THE GREAT THINKER, BUR TSE, WE SHALL DESTROY THEM!
INNNNNN
THE WARRIORS FROM UROK ARE BURDENED BY THEIR ARMOR WHICH GETS STUCK IN THE MUD AND CANNOT MOVE
VEECR
4 HIGHINGS GO FOR THE MASSACRE
SAK

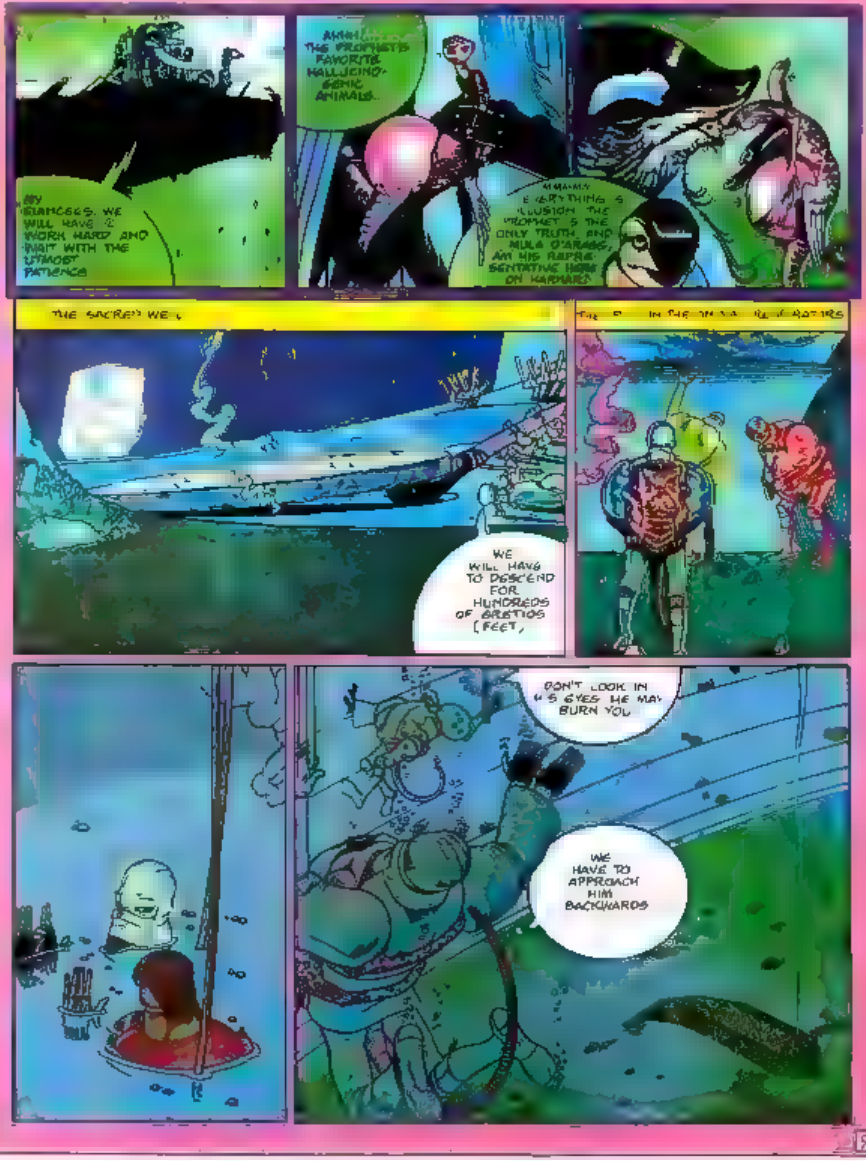

THE SEVEN MONK/KNIGHTS ARRIVE.
THE VICTORY IS OURS WE HAVE DESTROYED THE ATHEISTS LET US GO TO THE HERMIT'S TEMPLE
PRAY O PILGRIMS PRAY IN THIS MARVELOUS PLACE WHERE OUR ONLY GOD WAS BORN
SACRILEGE! OUR SAINTLY HERMIT IS BEING KIDNAPPED!


THEY TOOK HIM AWAY BEFORE WE COULD GET AT HIM. WHO ARE THOSE BLASTED MORTALS?
WE ARE TOO LATE
IT'S FOLLOW THEM
IN THE NAME OF OUR HOLY HERMIT SHOW IS THE WAY
SHIT WHAT A SMELL
5

THIS IS THE DIVINE ORDEAL. IF YOU SURVIVE I WILL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW
THE MONSTER IS BEATEN.
AND THE HERMIT LEADS THEM TOWARDS THE GUNTS' TEMPLE...
5

THE CENTRAL CHAPEL IS STILL STANDING THERE YOU WILL FIND THE SACRED, SECRET BOOK
YOU MUST TRANSLATE THIS FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE FOR US
GAR ASTAD DON'T DRIVEN, ANDRAGORUS
THE ANDRAGORUS LIES AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL, IN THIS VERY TEMPLE
ZUREFRED
WE HAVE DISCOVERED THE MOST IMPORTANT SECRET OF THE UNIVERSE
THANK YOU, OUR THE ONLY ETERNAL ONE

OLIBO
ZUFRED, TAKE THE OLD SAINT BACK TO HIS LAIR
IN THE MEANTIME, WE WILL LOOK FOR SOME UTENSILS AND WILL START THE EXCAVATIONS
YES OLIBO
KORNO
OLIBO MUST NOT CONTROL THE DANGEROUS WE HAVE TO COMME THE HERMIT KNOWS TOO MUCH
SCHAF
HELP ME
AND THE TRAITORS CRUSH THE HOLY HERMIT
THE ANCIENT PIPE OF THE GIANT PRIESTS COME IN HANDY
B


MY SEMBLEES, WE WILL HAVE TO WORK HARD AND WAIT WITH THE UTMOST PATIENCE
AHHH... THE PROPHET'S FAVORITE HALLUCINOGENIC ANIMALS...
MMMMM EVERYTHING IS ILLUSION THE PROPHET IS THE ONLY TRUTH, AND MULA O'ARAGE, AH HIS SUPREME SENTIENCE HERE ON KARMAKS
THE SACRED WELL
WE WILL HAVE TO DESCEND FOR HUNDREDS OF BRETIOS [FEET]
DON'T LOOK IN U'S EYES HE MAY BURN YOU
WE HAVE TO APPROACH HIM BACKWARDS
9

THE INCREASE IN PROTECTIVE THE WORLD'S SKY ARE DESTROYED BY FLUORINE

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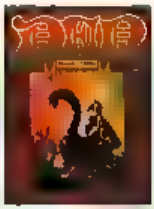

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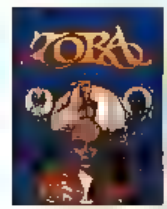

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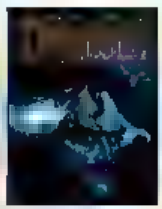

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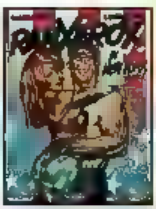

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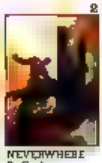
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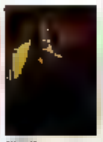
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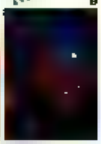
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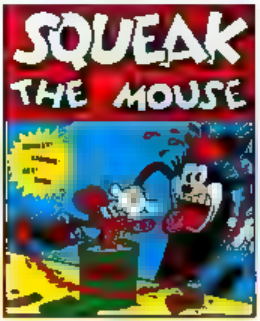

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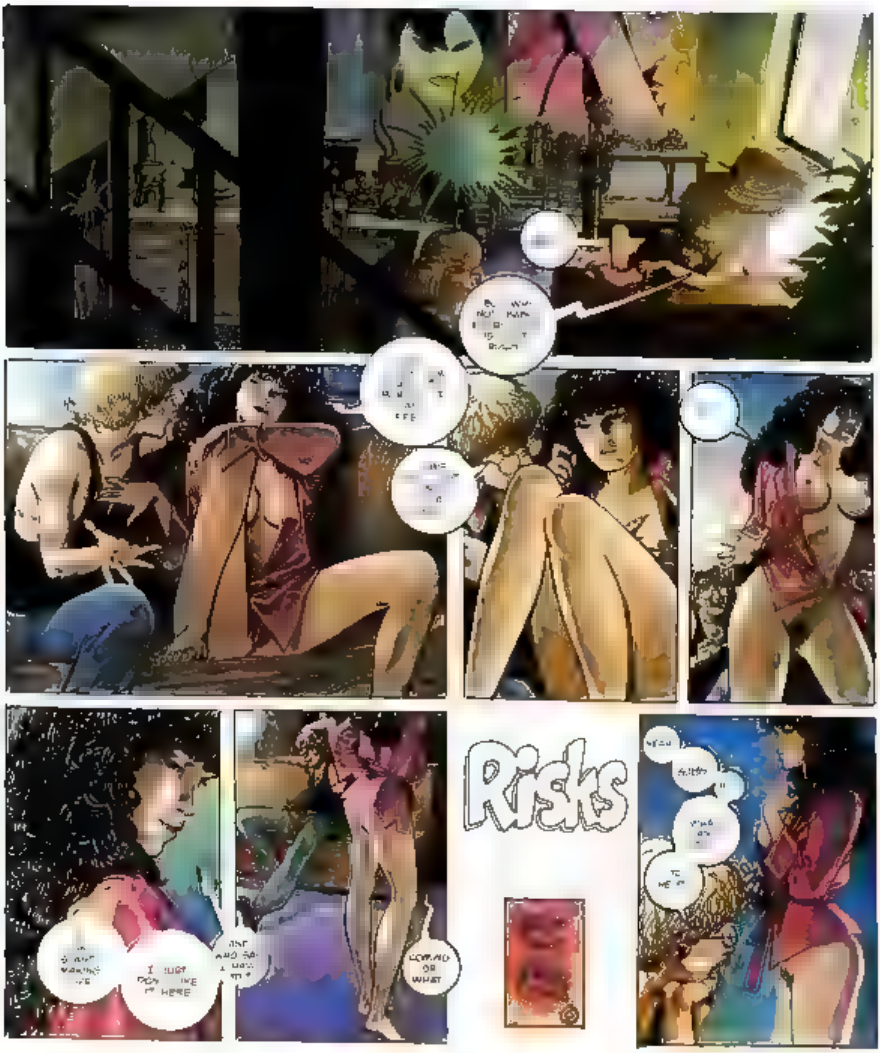
* PS. Don't you wish you could [illegible] this ad

SLOT MACHINE

by Horacio Altuna



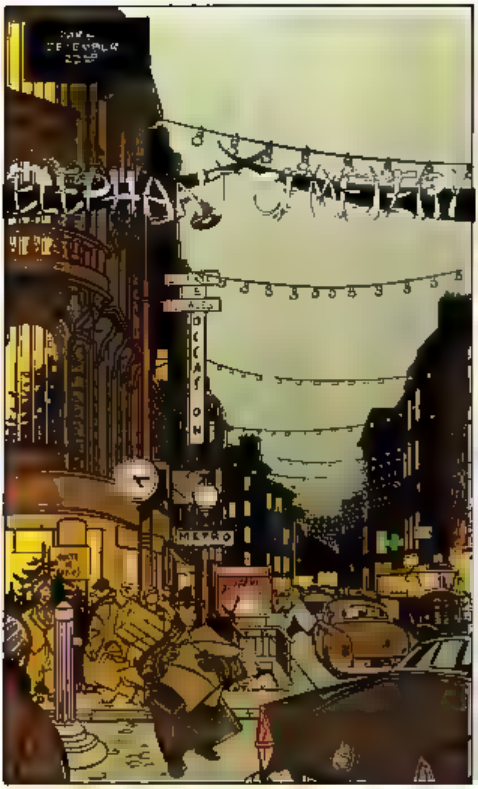
YEAH, BUT WHAT IF THE COPS CATCH US AT IT?
LET'S FIND A REALLY DARKED ASS PLACE. AGAIN I'M GETTING WET JUST THINKING ABOUT IT
THIS IS GOING TO MAKE ME CRASH

WE HAVE TO SEE THE DAS AND SEGNA MATE

EVEN WHERE I WORK
DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID?
ARE YOU OKAY?
YEAH
AND PARADES GET HER HIGH.
THIS WAS IT
AND

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
I THINK WE'VE GOT THEM!
SOAR!

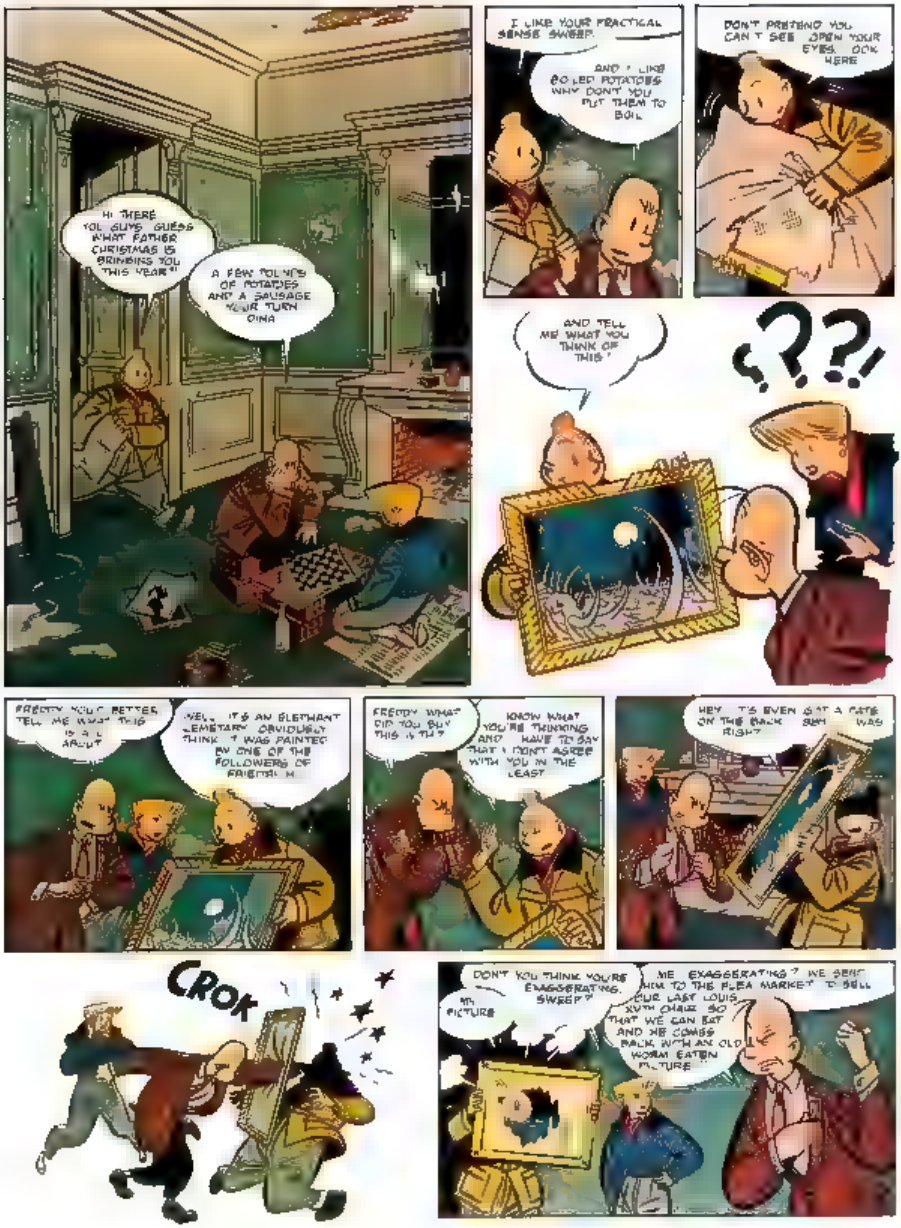
OPUS SQUARE
FIN


ELEPHA
EDUCATION
METRO

KOOOOOM
HEY SOMEBODY'S TORTURING MY DOORMAN

PLEASE EXCUSE ME MR HALLOCK I'VE COME TO PICK UP MY MAIL
HMM

BILLO ! THAT'S ALL OVER SET !


HI THERE YOL GUYS GUESS WHAT FATHER CHRISTMAS IS BRINGING YOU THIS YEAR?!
A FEW TOLNES OF POTATOES AND A SAUSAGE YOUR TURN DINA
I LIKE YOUR PRACTICAL SENSE SWEEP
AND I LIKE BOILED POTATOES WHY DON'T YOU PUT THEM TO BOIL
DON'T PRETEND YOU CAN'T SEE OPEN YOUR EYES. OOK HERE
AND TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF THIS
?!?!
FREDDY YOU'D BETTER TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT
WELL, IT'S AN ELEPHANT CEMETERY. OBVIOUSLY THINK IT WAS PAINTED BY ONE OF THE FOLLOWERS OF FARIDAH M.
FREDDY WHAT DID YOU BUY THIS 4 TH?
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING AND HAVE TO SAY THAT I DON'T AGREE WITH YOU IN THE LEAST
HEY T'S EVEN GOT A DATE ON THE BACK SUM WAS RIGHT
CROK
DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE EXAGGERATING, SWEEP?
HE EXAGGERATING? WE SENT HIM TO THE FLEA MARKET TO SELL OUR LAST LOUIS XVTH CHAIR SO THAT WE CAN EAT AND HE COMES BACK WITH AN OLD WORM EATEN PICTURE
MY PICTURE

SWEEP'!! THAT'S NOT A GOOD REASON FREDDIE LOVED THAT PICTURE
OKAY! BUT I'M SICK OF HIS CAPRICES! I'M LEAVING!
?
THIS RED SUBSTANCE I SMELL S F... I SWEAR IT'S
COULD
DON'T CRY FREDDIE I'M GOING TO HELP YOU REPAIR THE CANVAS
DINA! IT'S BLOOD IT'S RAINING BLOOD!
!
HIIIII AAAH
!
THERE'S A DEAD BODY UP THERE!!
AND WHAT ABOUT ME AND MY SORROW?? I'M CRYING BLOODY TEARS FOR MY PICTURE!
WE HAVE TO CALL THE POLICE IMMEDIATELY!!

HE DIED LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO. HE HAS KNIFE WOUNDS IN VERY STRANGE PLACES ALL OVER HIS BODY
CIGARETTE DOC ?
IN MY OPINION HE SAW THE ASSASSIN HE WAS ASSAULTED WHILE HE WAS PREPARING A DRINK. LOOK AT THE TRACES OF GLASS ON THE FLOOR AND THE SHELL IS INTACT ALL THEIR HE KNOW THANKS HER
JUST A MOMENT. HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THESE BRICKS OF SOAP IN YOUR SUITCASE ? WHAT WERE YOU DOING WHEN THE CRIME TOOK PLACE ?
THAT'S HILDEBERT BLOOD SIR. I WAS IN MY KITCHEN
WE WERE DISCUSSING SOMETHING RATHER AN UNPLEASANT
PAINTING, CHIEF A GERMAN PAINTING OF THE 14TH CENTURY
HMMM. AND WHAT ABOUT THE VICTIM BOUGAR ?
MY NAME IS EUGENE BROUSSARD. HE USED TO LIVE IN CONGO AND HAD BEEN ALONE HERE EVER SINCE. WE USED TO TALK A LOT IN WHICH MOST OF HIS FRIENDS FROM THE COLONIES HUNG OUT
JUST EVEN
REMEMBER OUR OLD GUY WE'RE LIVING IN A STRANGE CENTURY. LET ME TELL YOU
BROUSSARD REALLY CAN'T BELIEVE IT. HE WAS HERE LAST NIGHT. THERE'S WHAT'S THE MATTER ?

JESUS YOU'RE AS WHITE AS A SHEET YOU SHOULD GO OUT FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR? DO YOU WANT ME TO GO WITH YOU?
OUT? YES YOU'RE RIGHT
YOU KNEW BROUSSARD VERY WELL DIDN'T YOU?
WHAT A HORRIBLE WAY TO DIE HE WAS AN OLD FRIEND
WE WERE TOGETHER IN AFRICA HIS DEATH BRINGS BACK SOME HORRIFYING MEMORIES I'M A LITTLE OUT OF IT
SPENT TOO MUCH TIME WITH THOSE AFRICAN WITCH DOCTORS FETICHISM, ANIMISM, METEMPSYCHOSIS ALL THIS NONSENSE HAS TURNED MY HEAD A LITTLE
WELL THAT SOUNDS INTRIGUING. WAS THERE AS AN ACCOUNTANT FOR 5 YEARS AND NEVER SAW ANYTHING
GREAT
KIT OBOGO
THE LIGHT GOES OFF AGAIN AN EERIE LAMENT COMES OUT OF THE DARKNESS...

THE NEXT MORNING, AT THE POLICE STATION...
SIGN HERE, PERSEVERANCE & SHY HERE
PARIS
WHAT A STORY
BRRRR DON'T WANT TO GO BACK HOME. WHAT IF THE MURDERER CAME BACK?
WHY ON EARTH SHOULD HE COME BACK, DINA?
WHY NOT? DO YOU KNOW WHY HE KILLED THAT GUY? HE DIDN'T STEAL ANYTHING
THAT'S RIGHT ... OR ENY WAS NOT THE MOTIVE. WE GOT AN IDEA. LET'S DO SOME INVESTIGATING
DON'T WE HAVE ENOUGH PROBLEMS ALREADY
SIGH
DID YOU READ THE LATEST ISSUE OF ELSEWHERE TODAY?
NO. AND IF I HAD 25 FRANCS I WOULD HAVE SPENT THEM BETTER
WHY WAS THIS MAN MURDERED?
WHAT WAS THE COLONEL'S BIG SECRET?
THINK THAT BROUSSARD WAS KILLED BECAUSE HE KNEW OF THE EXISTENCE OF THE ELEPHANT CEMETARY THERE ARE GREAT RICHES CONNECTED WITH THIS STORY. WE SHOULD TRY TO GET OUR HANDS ON SOME OF THE BOOTY
NO, NOT AGAIN...
I'M SICK OF THE ELEPHANT CEMETARY SICK & CK SICK
I'M DOWN SWEEP FRENCH IS PROPOSING WE PLAY A GAME. LET'S BE DETECTIVES THINK ABOUT HIS GOOD UNCLE SADORE
OKAY INSPECTOR ONBOARD I'M READY
NEED THE ADDRESS OF THE CLUB ALSO PLEASE GET ME ALL THE BOOKS YOU CAN FIND ON ELEPHANTS. I'M GOING HOME TO DO SOMETHING SPECIAL
THEIR THREE TESTIMONIES ARE IN AGREEMENT
YEAH. THEY'RE A LITTLE STRANGE THOUGH. THEY DON'T WORK AND THEY SAY THEY LIVE ON THE MONEY WHICH AN UNCLE SENDS THEM FROM AUSTRALIA

COME ON FREDDY GET TO WORK
HEALENS PEOPLE REALLY WASTE THEIR TIME THIS PLACE ISN'T EVEN FINISHED
WE HAVE THE BOOKS WARRANTED THE ADDRESS OF THE CLUB SIR
FREDDY THIS SMELL COMES FROM YOU GO AND WASH IMMEDIATELY!
DON'T HAVE TIME LOOK HERE I'VE FOUND SOME LETTERS FROM BROUSSARD TO SOMEBODY NAMED PIERRE
YOU DON'T HAVE TIME RIGHT ?
WOF WOF
AND MAKE SURE YOU DIE
YOU DIRTY RAT OF A DOG DON'T YOU DARE SHOW YOUR SELF AROUND AGAIN !!
WAIE WAIE

TO BE CONTINUED

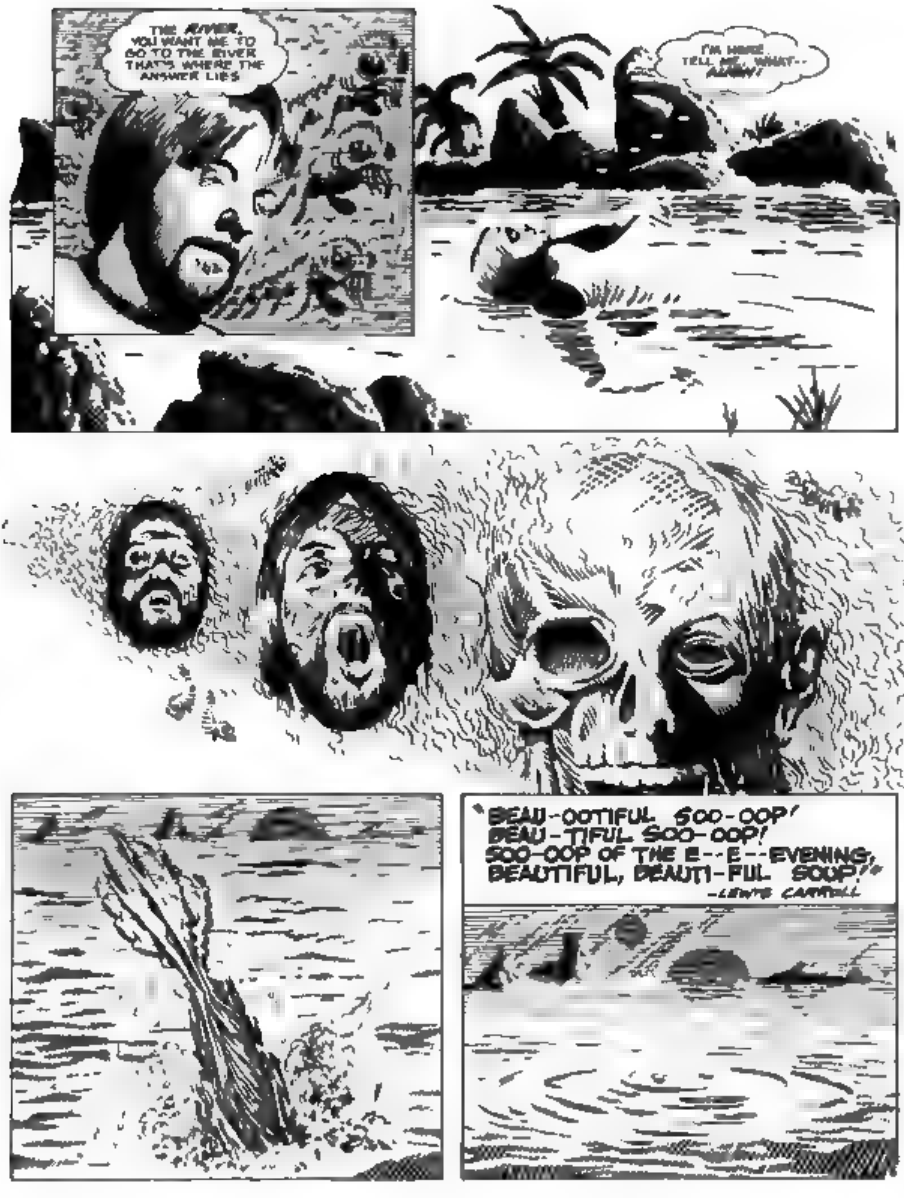
WEIRD SOUP!

A BOGER! TENDER MEAT!
UH... AS FOR STONER, HE DON'T STAY WITH US NO MORE
HE TURNED "JELLY-BRAINED" MADE HIMSELF A CAMP BY THE RIVER
HE'S GOT A FAT
"HE EATS, AWRIGHT, BUT ALL HE EATS IS THAT WEIRD SOUP HE CONCOCTS"
LO, STONER
GOOD TO SEE YOU, ENGE
HUNGRY? WANT SOME SOUP? IT'S JUST COMING TO A BOIL.
YEAH I SUPPOSE... WHAT'S IN IT?
FLATWORMS! I DREDGE THEM OUT OF THE RIVER
I'LL... GULP! PASS.

YOU LOOK AWFUL, STONER... LIKE A WALKING SKELETON. YOU'RE WASTING AWAY ONLY EATING SOUP. THERE'S FRESH MEAT AT THE CAMP.
THEY THINK I'VE SHOT MY ROCKETS, ESPECIALLY WHEN I TELL THEM HOW THE SOUP TALKS TO ME.
BUT YOU'LL UNDERSTAND
"IT'S THE FLATWORMS, SEE. THEY'RE INTELLIGENT, COURSE. THEY SURE HAVE A PRIMITIVE WAY OF FINDING OUT WHAT'S ON A BODY'S MIND. THEY EAT THE BODY MIND AND ALL."
CONVERSATIONS TEND TO BE SHORT AND A TRIFLE CONFUSED, BUT THOROUGH. FOR INSTANCE, JUST NOW I ATE THE DAWN OF TIME!

THEY LIVED OFF THE RIVER.

THEY HAD AN EASY-GOING AQUARIAN CULTURE FISHING, TRADING. THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN SOME-THING CAME ALONG, AND
PFFT! THEY WERE GONE!
IT HAS TO DO WITH THE RIVER, BUT--
BREAK OFF, STONER! LOOK AT WHAT FINALLY CAME IN THE CAMP, STONER! LOOK TOWARD THE CAMP!
"THE RESCUE SHIP TRACED OUR BEACON. WE'RE GOING HOME!"
"I CAN'T GO NOT YET. GOT TO FIND OUT WHY THE PEOPLE VANISHED!"
"YOU CRAZY? WHO CARES?"
COME ON, STONER. WE'LL SEND ANOTHER GROUP, ANOTHER TIME
I'M DISAPPOINTED IN YOU, ENGE. IF ONLY YOU HAD DRUNK THE SOUP.
WE'LL WAIT... BUT NOT FOR EVER.


THE RIVER... YOU WANT ME TO GO TO THE RIVER THAT'S WHERE THE ANSWER LIES
I'M HERE... TELL ME, WHAT-- ALMA!
"BEAU-OOTIFUL SOO-OOP! BEAU-TIFUL SOO-OOP! SOO-OOP OF THE E--E--EVENING, BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTI-FUL SOUP!"
-LEWIS CARROLL

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- ☐ **APRIL 1983** / Guido Crepax, Kabuto, and Moebius
- ☐ **JUNE 1983** / Corben and Crepax
- ☐ **JULY 1983** / Gerard Lieberson's "Ramarama premiere
- ☐ **AUGUST 1983** / Arno & Jodorowsky, and Captain Beefheart interviewed!
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1983** / Interview with Francis Ford Coppola and Rowena Morrill
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1983** / Timothy Leary, Bilal, and Pepe Moreno
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1983** / Interview with Will Eisner, and Crepax's "Valentina"
- ☐ **DECEMBER 1983** / "Ramarama" & Giuseppe interviewed
- ☐ **JANUARY 1984** / Arthur C. Clarke's *The Sentinel* and "Ramarama"
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1984** / Douglas Trumbull, Moebius, and "Vampire Memories"
- ☐ **MARCH 1984** / Douglas Adams, Angus McKie, and Charles Burns
- ☐ **APRIL 1984** / Roger Corman interviewed, Joe Kubert, and Boris Vallejo
- ☐ **MAY 1984** / Schuiten, "Ramarama," and Moebius
- ☐ **JUNE 1984** / *Liquid Sky*, Steve Tushingham, Frank Thorne, and Bilal
- ☐ **JULY 1984** / John Cleese interviewed, and Jeronimus
- ☐ **AUGUST 1984** / Paul Kantner, Starship Captain, and Jeronimus
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1984** / Second Annual Music Video Awards, and David Cronenberg interviewed
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1984** / John Sayles interviewed, Caza and Bilal
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1984** / John Wagner interviewed, Paul Kantner, and Schuiten
- ☐ **DECEMBER 1984** / Federico Fellini interviewed, Mike Manley, and Boris Vallejo
- ☐ **JANUARY 1985** / Literature, Borgoni's Marlowesque, and Dungi Topps
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1985** / Jack Davis interviewed, Russell Mulcahy, and Torres
- ☐ **MARCH 1985** / Moreno's "Rebel," Bilal & Christin, and Schuiten
- ☐ **APRIL 1985** / Eighth anniversary issue, Moebius, Corben, and Swarm
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- ☐ **APRIL 1981** / Juan Gimenez, Corben, and Harry North
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- ☐ **JUNE 1981** / Corben speaks in a candid interview
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1981** / Jeronimo, Jeff Jones, Leo & Diane Dillon
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- ☐ **JULY 1982** / Marcele and Lacome's "Life at the Circus"
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- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1982** / Bilal and Bob Kierkegaard Jr.
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- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1977** / Roger Zelazny and Corben
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- ☐ **DECEMBER 1977** / Druillet's "Yezz," and Howard Chaykin's "Fortune's Fool"
- ☐ **JANUARY 1978** / Roger Zelazny and Gray Morrow
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1978** / Forest's "Barbarella," and Moebius
- ☐ **MARCH 1978** / Gray Morrow & "Orion," and Corben's "Den"
- ☐ **APRIL 1978** / First anniversary issue
- ☐ **MAY 1978** / Philippe Druillet, and Alex Nino
- ☐ **JUNE 1978** / Corben's "Arabian Nights," and Sturgeon's *More Than Human*
- ☐ **JULY 1978** / Voss's "Heilman" and Druillet's "Gail"
- ☐ **MARCH 1979** / Chaykin illustrates Alfred Bester's *Stars My Destination*
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Heavy Metal, Dept. 1085
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

I have ticked off all June, but I am sure the stores I would like you to send me. I know that for the magazines above, the postage and handling is included in the per-issue price. I also know, which thrills me no end, that the magazines are mailed in a protective covering.
I have enclosed a total of $

Name _____

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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you do not wish to tear out this page, but do wish to order, please print all the necessary info on a separate piece of paper and enclose it with a check or money order

TOR JOHNSON IN NEW YORK

PART TWO

END

chain mail

I just got your superheated letter in regard to the bill I owe you (for a subscription). In your letter you said you thought the bill should have been paid off long ago, and you couldn't understand why it wasn't. Well, sir, I will enlighten you as to why I have a hard time raising the money.

In 1967 I bought a sawmill on credit. Then in 1968, an oxen team and cart, two ponies, a breech-loading gun, a twenty-four-dollar Colt revolver, and two razorback hogs, all on a damned installment plan.

In 1969, the sawmill burned down and didn't leave me a damn thing. One of the ponies died, so I gave the other one to a son of a bitch who let it starve to death, and then I joined the church.

In 1970 my father died and my brother was hanged for stealing a horse. A railroad man knocked up my daughter and I had to pay eighty-eight dollars to a doctor to keep the little bastard from becoming a relative of mine.

In 1971 my boy caught the mumps and they went down on him and the doctor had to castrate him in order to save his life. Then I went fishing and turned the damn boat over, losing the biggest catfish I ever saw. Two of my boys drowned, neither being the one castrated.

In 1976 my wife ran off with a nigger and left me with a set of twins as a souvenir; then I married the hired help to keep down the expenses, but I had trouble getting her off. I went to a doctor and he told me to create some excitement about the time she was ready. So I took my shotgun to bed with me that night. When I thought she was ready, I stuck the gun out the window and fired. My wife shit the bed, I ruptured myself, and I shot the best damned milk cow I ever had.

In 1979 I burned myself out and took to drinking. I didn't stop till all I had left was a Waterbury watch and kidney trouble. Then all I had to do was wind my watch and piss.

Then last year I decided to start over again. I bought a manure spreader, tractor, and threshing machine, all on the damned credit plan.

Then a cyclone come along and blew everything into the next county, my wife caught the clap from a traveling salesman, my boy wiped his ass with a corncob that was covered with rat poison, and some bastard de-nutted my best bull.

Anyway, at the present time if it cost a nickel to shit I'd have to puke. In other words, if turkeys were selling for five cents a pound, I couldn't kiss a jaybird's ass.

And yet you say you can cause me trouble for not having my payment in on time. Well, my friends, trying to get money from me would be like trying to poke butter up a wildcat's ass with a red-hot poker, but if you want to you can. Yours for credit!

Thom "Hardluck" Elliott
Carson City, NV

Talk about fantasy! We wish some of our writers could come up with stories like this!—Eds

Unless I'm mistaken, the robots on page 68 of your July 1985 issue are communicating in international Morse code. If this is true, there is a mistake. The one on the left is saying "drosse non confong." Apparently, the final "g" should be an "m" to make the word "conform." This would make sense in the context of the story—especially since the other robot is indicating (in French) that the visitor ought to be destroyed/ruined/dismantled.

Clifford Abrams
Evanston, IL

Dear Cliff [illegible] —Eds.

I have been an avid fan of *Heavy Metal* for a long time. I have never written to you in the past, but I now feel I must write. The art forms that you have presented in the pages of *Heavy Metal* have all had some appealing features which has given me cause for delight. I especially care for the way your contributors portray the females of our and other races. The graphics that you present monthly allow me to go far into the world of fantasy.

What, you might ask, could elicit such verbiage? Your July issue's cover art, of course! I am indebted to you for revealing Olivia De Berardinis's work. Now that you have given me reason to live, and not meaning to sound ungrateful for the services already provided, where can I get more of Olivia's work?

A. Lott
St. Louis, MO

Write O Cards, P.O. Box 541, Midtown Station, New York, NY 10018 for info on Olivia merchandise. —Eds.

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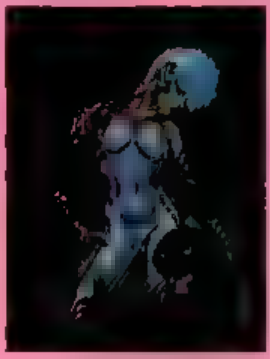

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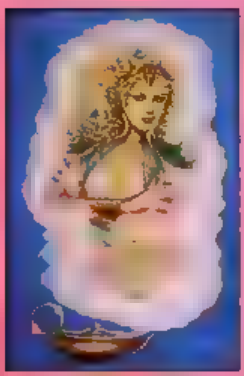

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A PARACHUTE!
THERE'LL PROBABLY BE A SKINHEAD CONTINGENT DOWN THERE TO GREET ME
A COUPLE OF BLOCKS AWAY RUDY AND GYPSY WATCH THE PARACHUTE FLOAT DOWN AS THE RAVENOUS SKINHEADS
OH F*** I'M A SITTING DUCK WHERE THE HELL ARE RUDY AND GYPSY!
DUDE WANTS HIM ALIVE DON'T KILL HIM JUST BITE HIS FINGERS OFF

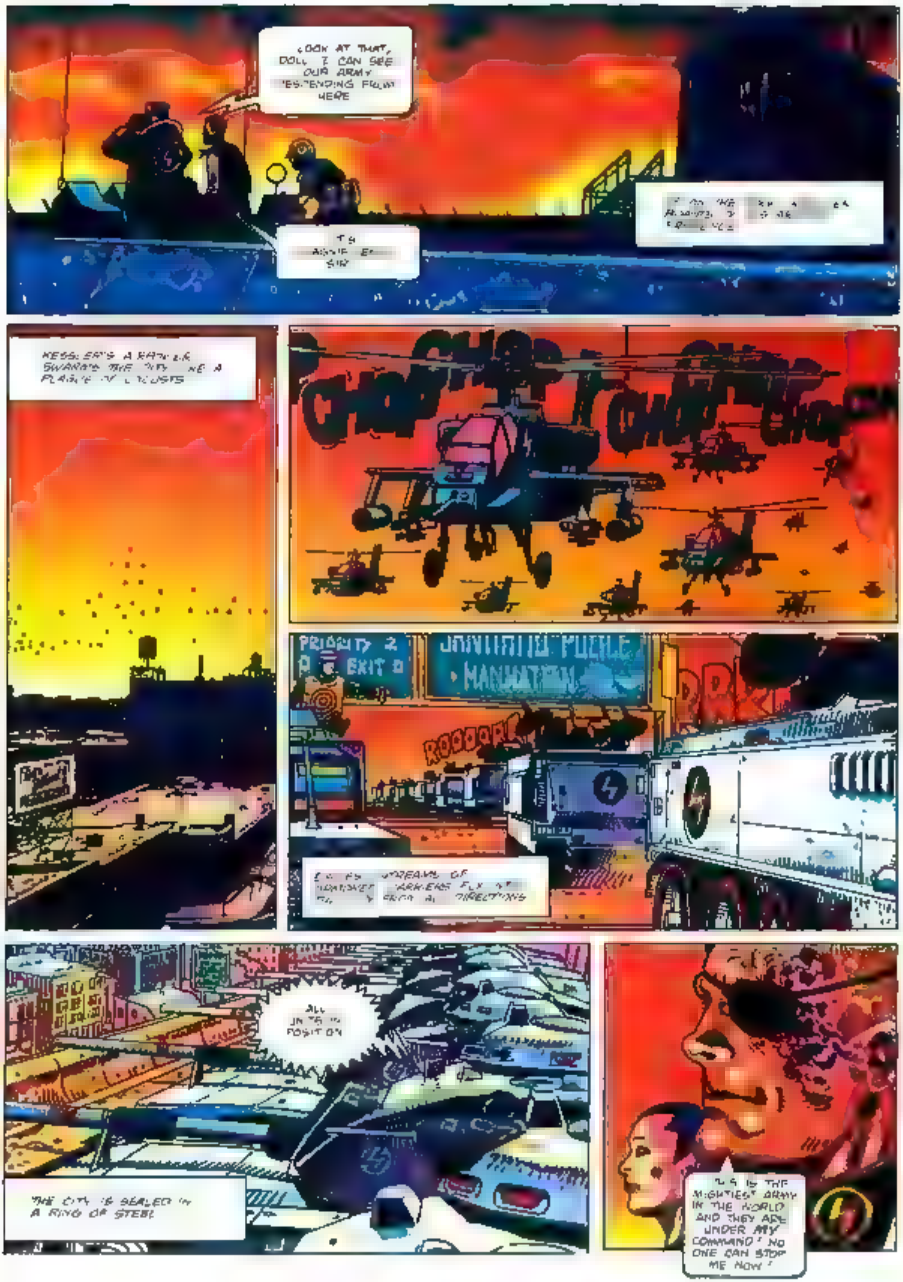
YAHOOO!
BRATT TAT TAT
PRROOA
INCREDIBLY THE SKINHEADS ARE MOWED DOWN BY A HAIL OF BULLETS
WHERE'S LOA?
KEEP GOING I'LL EXPLAIN LATER
BRRRDOAH
BRAT TAT
CHEW THIS SUCKERS!

OUTWITTED, DOLL IS PUT TO BE TIED
THAT WAS CLOSE! WHAT NOW, REBEL?
UP TO THE BRONX AND STEP ON IT
AH! I HOPE SHE'S ALRIGHT WHAT COULD THEY'VE DONE WITH HER!
FAMILIAR WITH INTERROGATION TECHNIQUES, REBEL HAD A GUT FEELING OF EXACTLY WHAT THEY COULD HAVE DONE WITH HER, SWALLOWING HARD, HE TRIES TO REPAY DOLL
THIS IS THE FILE
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?
GETTING REBEL TAKE OUT THIS MERCENARIE
LATER THE OVERLOADED VAN PICKS ITS WAY THROUGH THE MAZE OF ABANDONED SUBWAY TUNNELS, HEADING TOWARDS THE TARGET
I THINK THIS WHITE SHOW BE PRETTY FOR ALL THE WAY THROUGH
WE'RE THE FIRST WE ARE NO ANY WAY?
YOU'LL SEE

THIS IS
WHERE WE'RE GOING
AND WE'RE ALMOST
THERE
KESSLER
WHAT BRINGS HIM BACK
SO SOON? I HOPE HE
WON'T FOUND OUT
ABOUT KEBE

HUNF
HNURF
OKAY DOL THIS TOWER WILL BE OUR CONTROL CENTER I'LL BE DIRECTING THE CLEAN-UP OPERATION IN PERSON

MAJOR, I COULD BE WRONG, BUT I SEEM TO BE GETTING A CONSISTENT SIGNAL ON THE SCAN. IT'S VERY COO IT'S ABOUT 150 FEET UNDER GROUND. WHY, IT'S BELOW US
WE'D BETTER NOT TAKE ANY CHANCES SERGEANT. SEND A SQUAD DOWN TO THE SUBWAY TUNNELS AND DO IT FAST. WE STILL DON'T KNOW ANYTHING FOR SURE
YES SIR
I DON'T BELIEVE ANYBODY IN THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD EVER COME NEAR THIS PLACE
WESSLER IS WRONG. DEAD WRONG. THIS TIME. WORKING FEVERISHLY THE INTRUDERS BEGIN TO SET A SERIES OF POWERFUL EXPLOSIVES


LOOK AT THAT, DOLL. I CAN SEE OUR ARMY DESTROYING FILTH HERE
IT'S ABOVE BY SIR
KESSLER'S A RATTLIN SWARMS THE CITY LIKE A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS
CHOP CHOP CHOP
PRIORITY 2 EXIT
MANHATTEN
ROOOOR
ALL UNITS IN POSITION
THE CITY IS SEALED IN A RING OF STEEL
U.S. IS THE MIGHTIEST ARMY IN THE WORLD AND THEY ARE UNDER MY COMMAND! NO ONE CAN STOP ME NOW!

I'M AT THE MOMENT SAZZ KEBBLER'S PATROL ATTACKED
TO ENTICE THEM HERE!
FIVE MINUTES EVERYTHING IS SET
BUT WE CAN'T GET THE VAN
GET DOWN AND TAKE COVER
CLONG
CLACNG
CLONG
VEEP
VEEP
VEEP
VEEP
VEEP
VEEP
THE RENAISSANCE PATROL HAS MADE CONTACT THE SUBWAY IS MINED
HOW MUCH TIME?
WOW
BRRRR

RRRUUMMM!
KA-BOOM!
RRUMMMBLE!!

NOT FAR FROM THE EXPLOSION
WITH THE COMMAND CENTER DESTROYED THE MARINE MILITIA OPERATION GRINDS TO A HALT THE PATROLS ARE IN CHAOS AND ANY IN AN INTERCITY ROLE THE PRISON IS OUT IN FF20 IN ANYWAY
1
2
WAY
SOUTH SIDE
11

CAPTAIN
THE DRIVER
& GUNNER
ARE DEAD
SEVERAL VEHICLES
LOOMING
ON US
BROOOMM
THE CARRIER EXPLODES IN A
LARGER UNIT BLOWS UP ON
THEIR OWN COMPLETELY SURROUNDED THE CREW SURRENDERS
ZERO REPAYS HIS DEBT
COME ON
GET OUTTA
THERE
SSCCREEECH!
ZERO
I KNEW I
WOULD COUNT
ON YOU
NOW WE UNDERSTAND
WHAT YOU WERE TO
TO DO WE NOW KNOW
WHO THE REAL ENEMY
IS
I
AM GLAD TO HEAR
THAT MY FRIEND I'M
AFRAID THEY'LL BE
BACK BUT NOW WE
CAN FACE THEM
TOGETHER

WITH THE MOVE TO THE SWAMPLANDS, THE SLAVE TRADE KING'S GUARD FOR A WHILE IS NOT CLINEVER. THERE IS A NEW SENSE OF PRIDE IN THE CITY. A SELF IDENTITY AN IDENTITY THE GANG WILL FIGHT TO KEEP
A HAPPY EVENT
BUT ALL REBEL HE MOURNS FOR AND ANTI-VARIES
AND THE FUTURE WAS THE EAST
END

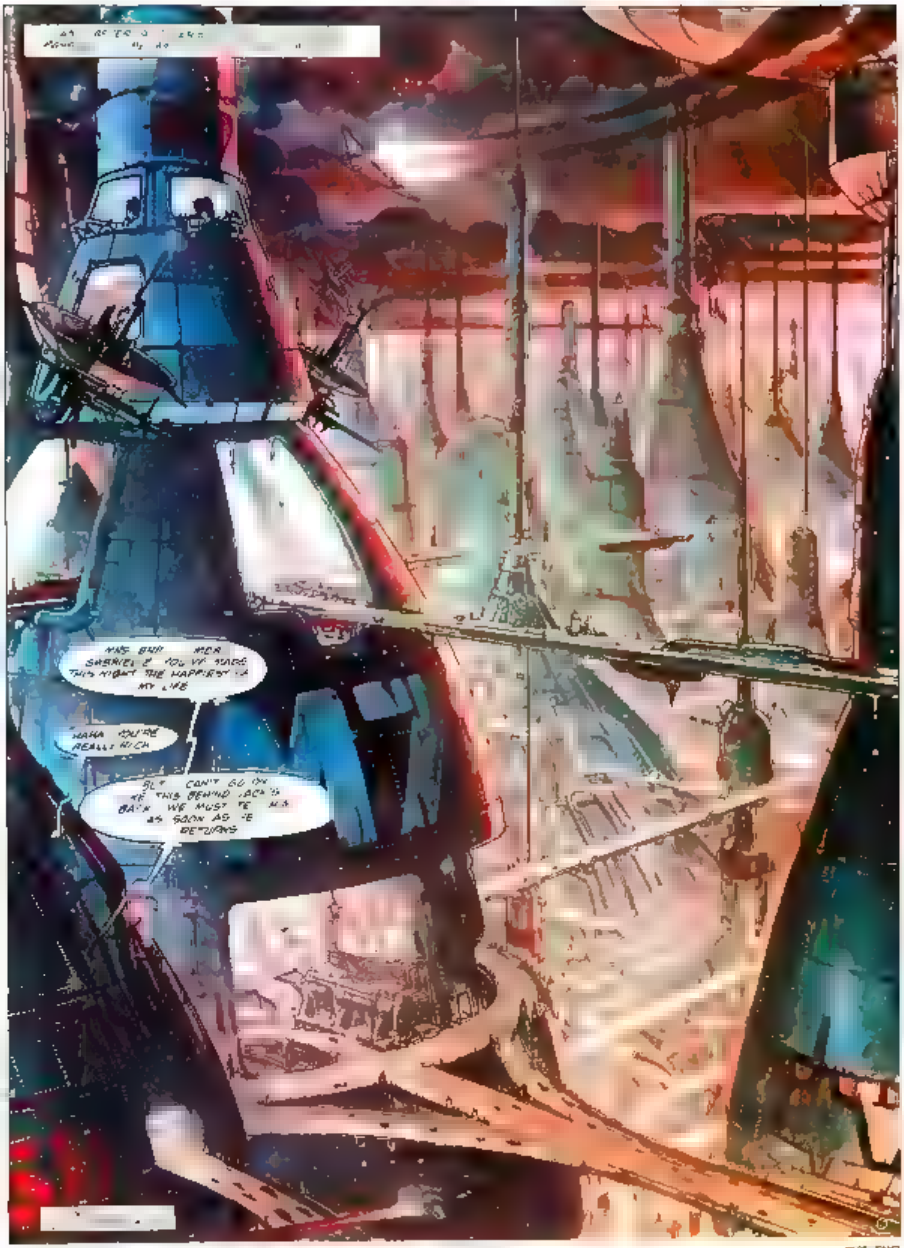
AND AFTER A FEVERISH NIGHT OF INTENSE PASSION . . . AS THE MORNING SUN, E AGAIN
MEscooter

WE CAN GO AND LIVE ON SOME INCREDIBLY ROMANTIC BETTLER'S MOON I'VE GOT SOME MONEY HIDDEN AWAY I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU.
LISTEN TO YOURSELF THINK REALLY CAREFULLY ON IT.
WHERE THE HELL DID YOU GET THE NOTION THAT I WAS GOING TO LEAVE JACK FOR YOU AND YOUR FEW MEAGRLY BUCKS? AND ANOTHER THING YOU'D NEVER CATCH ME ON ONE OF THE GODFORSAKEN BETTLERS MOONS
AS A MATTER OF FACT I CAN'T REALLY REMEMBER WHY I GOT IN VOLVED WITH YOU IN THE FIRST PLACE ALTHOUGH AT TIMES YOU DO LOOK PRETTY SEXY.
BUT WHAT ABOUT LAST NIGHT IT WAS INCREDIBLE!
LAST NIGHT WAS THE LAST TIME, GODFREY ALL I WANTED WAS A GOOD TIME WHILE JACK WAS AWAY! THAT'S ALL I EVER WANT!
BUT I LOVE YOU GABRIELLE. I ADORE YOU! I THINK I MUST HAVE LOVED YOU EVEN BEFORE I EVER MET YOU IS THAT MAKES ANY SENSE! IT JUST CAN'T BE A ONE NIGHT STAND!
WELL THAT'S WHAT IT WAS, BUSTER, SO YOU'D BETTER GET USED TO THE IDEA! WHY DON'T YOU DO YOURSELF A FAVOR AND FORGET ABOUT IT! GOT IT?

UNDERSTAND, MY DEAR BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS
YOU MAKE ME LAUGH, YOU LITTLE CREEP HAHAHAHAHA
YOU MUSN'T LAUGH AT ME GABRIELLE ! DO YOU HEAR ME ?
STOP LAUGHING
AJAJAJA

I KNEW YOU'D UNDERSTAND ME. YOU'VE STOPPED. THANK YOU!
I HAVE WAITED 25 YEARS FOR THE WOMAN OF MY DREAMS. I WOULDN'T LEAVE YOU. NOW... NOT EVER! OOOH YOU'RE SUPER HEAVY!
AFTER 25 YEARS OF STANDING ON THE SIDELINES, WATCHING LIFE GO BY... I'VE NEVER DONE ANYTHING WORTHWHILE. BUT KEEP MY HEAD BURIED IN BOOKS!
LOOK, GABRIELLE! THE MY SCOOTER HAS TAKEN US ONCE. WE'VE BEEN A POSITIONER IS LEFT IN PLACE. IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO HERE/NOW/AGAIN
SWITCH IT TO MINIMUM CLOSED CIRCUIT THAT AGAINS INFINITE REPETITION OF 12 HOURS THERE
OKAY. YOU'LL BE AWAKE IN TIME WHERE'S JACK HE SHOULD BE HERE SOON!
TONIGHT WILL BE ECSTASY

WELL GODFREY THE TIME HAS FINALLY COME YOUR SHINING MOMENT THIS IS THE GREATEST INVENTION EVER EVER INVENTED!
WELL THANK YOU, SIR GOOD LUCK AT THE INTERCOLONIAL PRESS CONFERENCE!
THANKS AND YOU CAN BE SURE THAT YOUR NAME WILL COME UP IN THE GENERAL REPORT AS A GREAT CONTRIBUTOR TO THE TIMESCOOTER COMPUTATIONS
THANK YOU
GOODBYE DEAR
BYE BYE JACK AND DON'T FORGET TO TAKE YOUR PILL
WOW
WHERE ARE YOU GOING GODFREY?
WELL, ERR HAS GOING TO CHECK THE TIMESCOOTER AND
COULD YOU COME OVER HERE FOR A MINUTE I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING
AS YOU WISH MRS PLACKMAN
AND STOP CALLING ME THAT YOU KNOW MY NAME LAST NIGHT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
WELL SURE ERR GABRIELLE
THIS WAY GODFREY
GAGA GA
COME ON OVER HERE AND I'LL SHOW YOU SOME REAL TIME TRAVEL WITHOUT THAT TIMESCOOTER! TAKE YOUR CLOTHES OFF
OH, GABRIELLE...


WAS BUT NOW SHERIEL, YOU'VE MADE THIS NIGHT THE HAPPIEST IN MY LIFE
HAHA YOU'RE REALLY RICH
BUT CAN'T GO IN AT THIS BEHIND JACK'S BACK WE MUST BE AS SOON AS HE RETURNS

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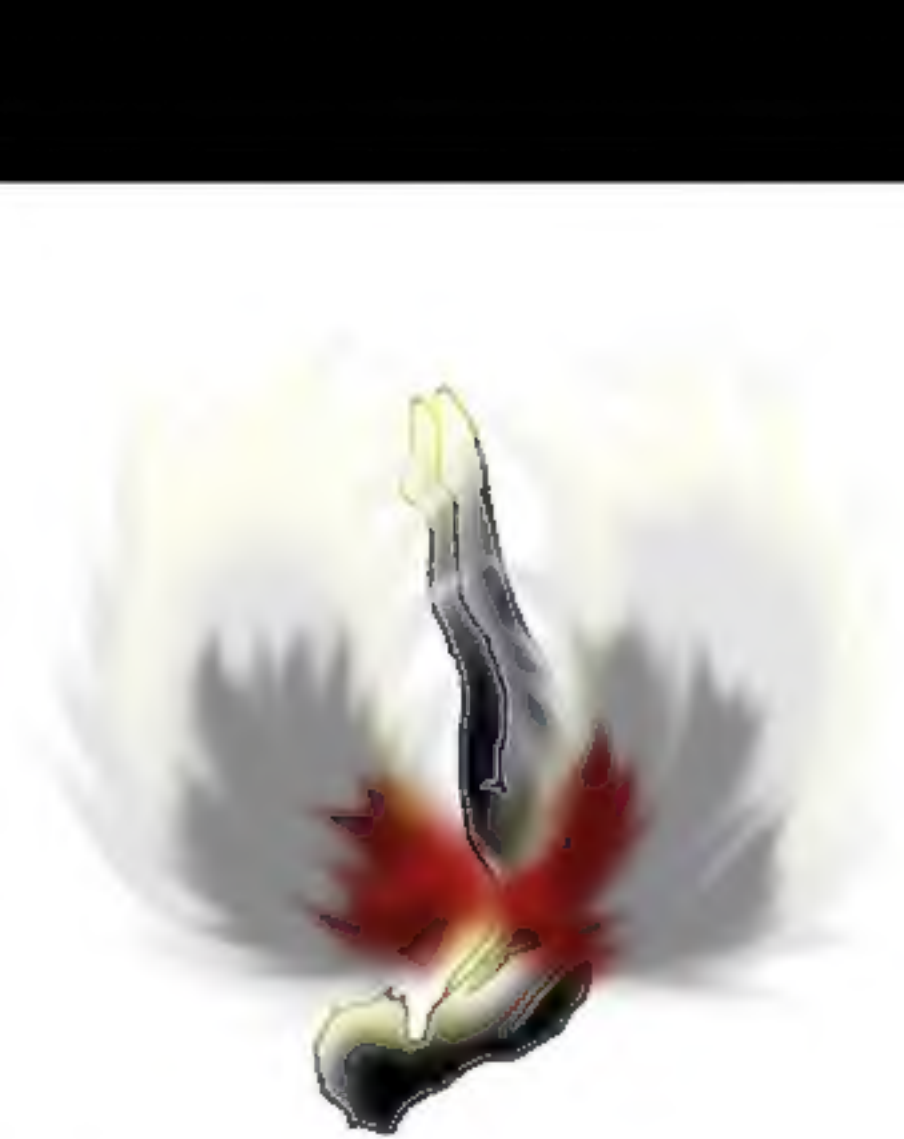

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